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GOETHE.

Nemo contra deum nisi deus ipse.

Wer Grosses will muss sich zusammen raffen ;
In der Beschrankung zeigt sich erst der Meister,
Und der Gesetz nur kann uns Freiheit geben.

THE first of these mottoes is that prefixed by Goethe to the last books of "Dichtung und Wahrheit." These books record the hour of turning tide in his life, the time when he was called on for a choice at the "Parting of the Ways." From these months, which gave the sum of his youth, the crisis of his manhood, date the birth of Egmont, and of Faust too, though the latter was not published so early. They saw the rise and decline of his love for Lili, apparently the truest love he ever knew. That he was not himself dissatisfied with the results to which the decisions of this era led him, we may infer from his choice of a motto, and from the calm beauty with which he has invested the record.

The Parting of the Ways! The way he took led to court-favor, wealth, celebrity, and an independence of celebrity. It led to large performance, and a wonderful economical management of intellect. It led Faust the Seeker from the heights of his own mind to the trodden ways of the world. There, indeed, he did not lose sight of the mountains, but he never breathed their keen air again.

After this period we find in him rather a wide and deep Wisdom, than the inspirations of Genius. His faith, that all *must* issue well, wants the sweetness of piety, and the God he manifests to us is one of law or necessity, rather than of intelligent love. As this God makes because he must, so Goethe, his instrument, observes and recreates because he must, observing with minutest fidelity the outward exposition of nature, never blinded by a sham, or detained by a fear, he yet makes us feel that he wants insight to her sacred secret. The calmest of writers does not give us repose, because it is too difficult to find his centre. Those flame-like natures, which he undervalues, give us more peace and hope through their restless aspirations, than he with his hearth-enclosed fires of steady fulfilment. For, true as it is, that God is everywhere, we must not only see him, but see him acknowledged. Through the consciousness of man "shall not Nature interpret God?" We wander in diversity, and, with each new turning of the path, long anew to be referred to the One.

Of Goethe, as of other natures, where the intellect is too much developed in proportion to the moral nature, it is difficult to speak without seeming narrow, blind, and impertinent. For such men *see* all that others *live*, and, if you feel a want of a faculty in them, it is hard to say they have it not, lest next moment they puzzle you by giving some indication of it. Yet they are not, nay *know* not, they only discern. The difference is that between sight and life, prescience and being, wisdom and love. Thus with Goethe. Naturally of a deep mind and shallow heart, he felt the sway of the affections enough to appreciate their working in other men, but never enough to receive their inmost regenerating influence.

How this might have been had he ever once abandoned himself entirely to a sentiment, it is impossible to say. But the education of his youth seconded, rather than balanced his natural tendency. His father was a gentlemanly Martinet; dull, sour, well-informed, and of great ambition as to externals. His influence on the son was wholly artificial. He was always turning this powerful mind from side to side in search of information, for the attainment of what are called accomplishments. The mother was a delightful

person in her way; open, genial, playful, full of lively talent, but without earnestness of soul. She was one of those charming, but not noble persons, who take the day and the man as they find them, seeing the best that is there already, but never making the better grow there. His sister, though of graver kind, was social and intellectual, not religious or tender. The mortifying repulse of his early love checked the few pale buds of faith and tenderness that his heart put forth. His friends were friends of the intellect merely; — altogether he seemed led by destiny to the place he was to fill.

Pardon him, World, that he was too worldly. Do not wonder, Heart, that he was so heartless. Believe, Soul, that one so true, as far as he went, must yet be initiated into the deeper mysteries of Soul. Perhaps even now he sees that we must accept limitations, only to transcend them; work in processes, only to detect the organizing power which supersedes them; and that Sphynxes of fifty-five volumes might well be cast into the abyss before the single word that solves them all.

Now when I think of Goethe, I seem to see his soul, all the variegated plumes of knowledge, artistic form "und so weiter" burnt from it by the fires of divine love, wingless, motionless, unable to hide from itself in any subterfuge of labor, saying again and again the simple words which he would never directly say on earth — God beyond Nature — Faith beyond Sight — the Seeker nobler than the Meister.

For this mastery that Goethe prizes seems to consist rather in the skilful use of means than in the clear manifestation of ends. His Master, indeed, makes acknowledgment of a divine order, but the temporal uses are always uppermost in the mind of the reader. But of this more at large in reference to his works.

Apart from this want felt in his works, there is a littleness in his aspect as a character. Why waste his time in Weimar court entertainments? His duties as minister were not unworthy of him, though it would have been, perhaps, finer, if he had not spent so large a portion of that prime of intellectual life from five and twenty to forty upon them.

But granted that the exercise these gave his faculties,

the various lore they brought, and the good they did to the community made them worth his doing,—why that perpetual dangling after the royal family, why all that verse-making for the albums of serene highnesses, and those pretty poetical entertainments for the young princesses, and that cold setting himself apart from his true peers, the real sovereigns of Weimar, Herder, Wieland, and the others? The excuse must be found in circumstances of his time and temperament, which made the character of man of the world and man of affairs more attractive to him than the children of nature can conceive it to be in the eyes of one who is capable of being a consecrated bard.

The man of genius feels that literature has become too much a craft by itself. No man should live by or for his pen. Writing is worthless except as the record of life; and no great man ever was satisfied thus to express all his being. His book should be only an indication of himself. The obelisk should point to a scene of conquest. In the present state of division of labor, the literary man finds himself condemned to be nothing else. Does he write a good book? it is not received as evidence of his ability to live and act, but rather the reverse. Men do not offer him the care of embassies, as an earlier age did to Petrarca; they would be surprised if he left his study to go forth to battle like Cervantes. We have the swordsman, and statesman, and penman, but it is not considered that the same mind which can rule the destiny of a poem, may as well that of an army or an empire.* Yet surely it should be so. The scientific man may need seclusion from the common affairs of life, for he has his materials before him; but the man of letters must seek them in life, and he who cannot act will but imperfectly appreciate action.

The literary man is impatient of being set apart. He feels that monks and troubadours, though in a similar position, were brought into more healthy connexion with man and nature, than he who is supposed to look at them merely to write them down. So he rebels; and Sir Walter Scott is prouder of being a good sheriff and farmer,

* Except in "La belle France."

than of his reputation as the Great Unknown. Byron piques himself on his skill in shooting and swimming. Sir H. Davy and Schlegel would be admired as dandies, and Goethe, who had received an order from a publisher "for a dozen more dramas in the same style as Goetz von Berlichingen," and though (in sadder sooth) he had already Faust in his head asking to be written out, thought it no degradation to become premier in the little duchy of Weimar.

Straws show which way the wind blows, and a comment may be drawn from the popular novels, where the literary man is obliged to wash off the ink in a violet bath, attest his courage in the duel, and hide his idealism beneath the vulgar nonchalance and coxcombry of the man of fashion.

If this tendency of his time had some influence in making Goethe find pleasure in tangible power and decided relations with society, there were other causes which worked deeper. The growth of genius in its relations to men around must always be attended with daily pain. The enchanted eye turns from the far off star it has detected to the short-sighted bystander, and the seer is mocked for pretending to see what others cannot. The large and generalising mind infers the whole from a single circumstance, and is reproved by all around for its presumptuous judgment. Its Ithuriel temper pierces shams, creeds, covenants, and chases the phantoms which others embrace, till the lovers of the false Florimels hurl the true knight to the ground. Little men are indignant that Hercules, yet an infant, declares he has strangled the snake; they demand a proof, they send him out into scenes of labor to bring hence the voucher that his father is a God. What the ancients meant to express by Apollo's continual disappointment in his loves, is felt daily in the youth of genius. The sympathy he seeks flies his touch, the objects of his affection jeer at his sublime credulity, his self-reliance is arrogance, his far sight infatuation, and his ready detection of fallacy fickleness and inconsistency. Such is the youth of genius, before the soul has given that sign of itself which an unbelieving generation cannot controvert. Even then he is little benefited by the transformation of the mockers into Dalai-Lama worshippers. For the soul seeks not adorers but peers, not blind worship but

intelligent sympathy. The best consolation even then is that which Goethe puts into the mouth of Tasso: "To me gave a God to tell what I suffer." In Tasso Goethe has described the position of the poetical mind in its prose relations with equal depth and fulness. We see what he felt must be the result of entire abandonment to the highest nature. We see why he valued himself on being able to understand the Alphonsos, and meet as an equal the Antonios of every-day life.

But, you say, there is no likeness between Goethe and Tasso. Never believe it, such pictures are not painted from observation merely. That deep coloring which fills them with light and life is given by dipping the brush in one's own life-blood. Goethe had not from nature that character of self-reliance and self-control in which he so long appeared to the world. It was wholly acquired and so highly valued because he was conscious of the opposite tendency. He was by nature as impetuous though not as tender as Tasso, and the disadvantage at which this constantly placed him was keenly felt by a mind made to appreciate the subtlest harmonies in all relations. Therefore was it that, when he at last cast anchor, he was so reluctant again to trust himself to wave and breeze.

I have before spoken of the antagonist influences under which he was educated. He was driven from the severity of study into the world, and then again drawn back, many times in the course of his crowded youth. Both the world and the study he used with unceasing ardor, but not with the sweetness of a peaceful hope. Most of the traits which are considered to mark his character at a later period were wanting to him in youth. He was very social, and continually perturbed by his social sympathies. He was deficient both in outward self-possession and mental self-trust. "I was always," he says, "either *too volatile or too infatuated*, so that those who looked kindly on me did by no means always honor me with their esteem." He wrote much and with great freedom; the pen came naturally to his hand, but he had no confidence in the merit of what he wrote, and much inferior persons to Merck and Herder might have induced him to throw aside as worthless what it had given him sincere pleasure to compose. It was hard for him to isolate himself, to con-

sole himself, and, though his mind was always busy with important thoughts, they did not free him from the pressure of other minds. His youth was as sympathetic and impetuous as any on record.

The effect of all this outward pressure on the poet is recorded in Werther, a production that he afterwards undervalued, and to which he even felt positive aversion. It was natural that this should be. In the calm air of the cultivated plain he attained, the remembrance of the miasma of sentimentality was odious to him. Yet sentimentality is but sentiment diseased, which to be cured must be patiently observed by the wise physician; so are the morbid desire and despair of Werther the sickness of a soul aspiring to a purer, freer state, but mistaking the way.

The best or the worst occasion in man's life is precisely that misused in Werther, when he longs for more love, more freedom, and a larger development of genius than the limitations of this terrene sphere permit. Sad is it indeed if, persisting to grasp too much at once, he lose all as Werther did. He must accept limitation, must consent to do his work in time, must let his affections be baffled by the barriers of convention. Tantalus like, he makes this world a Tartarus, or like Hercules, rises in fires to heaven, according as he knows how to interpret his lot. But he must only use, not adopt it. The boundaries of the man must never be confounded with the destiny of the soul. If he does not decline his destiny as Werther did, it is his honor to have felt its unfitness for his eternal scope. He was born for wings, he is held to walk in leading strings; nothing lower than faith must make him resigned, and only in hope should he find content, a hope not of some slight improvement in his own condition or that of other men, but a hope justified by the divine justice, which is bound in due time to satisfy every want of his nature.

Schiller's great command is, "Keep true to the dream of thy youth." The great problem is how to make the dream real, through the exercise of the waking will.

This was not exactly the problem Goethe tried to solve. To *do* somewhat became too important, as is indicated both by the second motto to this essay and by his maxim,

"It is not the knowledge of what *might be*, but what *is*, that forms us."

Werther, like his early essays now republished from the Frankfort Journal, is characterized by a fervid eloquence of Italian glow, which betrays a part of his character almost lost sight of in the quiet transparency of his later productions, and may give us some idea of the mental conflicts through which he passed to manhood.

Exceedingly characteristic of his genius is a little tale, which he records as having frequently been told by him to his companions when only eight or nine years of age. I think it is worth insertion here.

THE NEW PARIS.

"'The night before Whitsunday I dreamed that I stood before a mirror, examining the new summer clothes which my kind parents had ordered to be made for me to wear on that occasion. This dress consisted, as you know, in handsome leather shoes, with large silver buckles, fine cotton stockings, black sarsnet trowsers, and a green coat with gold trimmings. The vest of gold stuff was cut out of the vest my father wore at his wedding. My hair was curled and powdered, so that the locks stood out from my head like wings. But I could not manage to finish dressing myself, for always one thing would fall off as I put on another. While I was in this dilemma came up a handsome young man and accosted me in the most friendly manner. 'Ey, you are welcome,' said I, 'I am delighted to see you here.' 'You know me then,' said he with a smile. 'Why not,' said I, smiling also, 'you are Mercury; I have often seen your picture.' 'Yes,' said he, 'that is my name, and the gods have sent me to you with an important commission. Do you see these three apples?' He stretched out his hand and showed me the three apples, so large that he could hardly hold them, and very beautiful, one red, one green, and one yellow. I thought them jewels to which the form of those fruits had been given. I wished to take hold of them, but he drew back, saying, 'you must first understand that they are not intended for yourself. You must give them to the three handsomest young men in the city, who then, each according to his lot, shall find consorts such as they would wish. Take them and do well what I ask of you.' So saying he put the apples into my hands and went away. They seemed to me to have grown larger; I held them up to the light and found that they were transparent. As I looked at them they lengthened out into three beautiful,

beautiful ladies, not larger than dolls, whose clothes were each of the color of her apple. They glided gently up my fingers, and, as I tried to grasp them, or at least to hold fast some one of the three, floated up into the air. I stood astonished, holding up my hands and looking at my fingers as if there were still somewhat to be seen there. Suddenly appeared dancing on the points of my fingers a lovely maiden, smaller than the others, but elegantly shaped and very lively. She did not fly away like the others, but kept dancing up and down while I stood looking at her. But at last she pleased me so much that I tried to lay hold of her, when I received a blow on the head which felled me to the earth, where I lay senseless till the hour came to get ready for church.

"During the service, and at my grandfather's, where I dined, I thought over again and again what I had seen. In the afternoon I went to a friend's house, partly to show myself in my new dress, my hat under my arm, and my sword by my side, partly because I owed a visit there. I did not find the family at home, and hearing that they had gone to their garden, I thought I would follow and enjoy the afternoon with them. My way led past the prison to that place which is justly named that of the bad wall, for it is never quite safe there. I walked slowly, thinking of my three goddesses, and still more of the little nymph; often, indeed, I held up my finger, hoping she would have the politeness to balance herself on it. While engaged with these thoughts, my attention was arrested by a little door in the wall, which I could not recollect ever to have seen before. It looked very low, but the tallest man could have passed through the arch above it. Both arch and wall were most elegantly ornamented with carving and sculpture, but the door especially attracted my attention. It was of an ancient brown wood, very little adorned, but girt with broad bands of iron, on whose metal foliage sat the most natural seeming birds. But what struck me most was that I saw neither key-hole, latch, nor knocker; and I thought the door could be opened only from within. I was right, for as I drew nearer and put my hand upon the ornaments, it opened, and a man appeared, whose dress was very long, wide, and of singular fashion. A venerable beard flowed on his breast, which made me fancy he might be a Jew. But he, as if he guessed my thought, made the sign of the holy cross, thus giving me to understand that he was a good Catholic. 'How came you here, young gentleman, and what do you want?' said he with friendly voice and gesture. 'I am admiring,' said I, 'the workmanship of this door; I have never seen anything like it, though there must be specimens in the cabinets of amateurs.' 'I am glad,' said he, 'that you like the work. But the door is much more beautiful on the inner side; come

in and examine it, if you like.' I did not feel perfectly easy as to this invitation The singular dress of the porter, my solitary position, and a certain something in the atmosphere disturbed me. I delayed therefore, under the pretext of looking a little longer at the outside, and stole a glance into the garden, for it was a garden which lay behind the wall. Immediately opposite the door I saw a square, so overshadowed by ancient lindens, planted at regular distances one from another that a very numerous company could have been sheltered there. Already I was upon the threshold, and the old man easily allured me a step farther. Indeed I did not resist, for I had always understood that a prince or sultan would not in such a situation inquire whether he was in any danger. And had I not a sword by my side, and should I not easily be even with the old man, if he should manifest a hostile disposition? So I went confidently in, and he put to the door, which fastened so easily that I scarcely observed it. He then showed me the delicate workmanship of the door within, and seemed really very kind. Quite set at ease by this, I went yet farther to look at the leaf-work of the wall, and admired it very much. I saw many niches adorned with shells, corals, and minerals, also Tritons spouting water into marble basins, cages with birds and squirrels, Guinea pigs running up and down, and all sorts of such pretty creatures. The birds kept calling and singing to us as we walked, especially the starlings said the oddest things; one would call Paris, Paris, and the other Narciss, Narciss, as plain as any schoolboy could speak. I thought the old man looked earnestly at me whenever the birds called these names, but I pretended not to observe him; indeed I was too busy with other matters to think much about it, for I perceived that we were going round and that the lindens inclosed a circle, probably much more interesting. We reached the door, and the old man seemed inclined to let me out, but my eyes were fixed on a golden lattice which I now saw surrounded the middle of this marvellous garden, though the old man had tried to hide it by keeping me next the wall. As he was about to open the door, I said to him with a low reverence, 'you have been so very polite to me, that I venture on asking one other favor before I go. Might I look nearer at the golden grate which seems to surround the centre of the garden?' 'Certainly,' he replied, 'if you will submit to the conditions.' 'What are they?' I asked hastily. 'You must leave behind your hat and sword, and I must keep hold of your hand all the while.' 'Willingly,' cried I, laying my hat and sword on the nearest stone bench. He then seized my right hand and drew me forward with force. When we came near the grate, my admiration was changed into astonishment; nothing like it had I ever seen! On a high

ledge of marble stood innumerable spears and partizans arranged side by side, whose singularly ornamented upper ends formed a fence. I looked through the interstices, and saw water flowing gently in a marble channel, in whose clear current I saw many gold and silver fishes, which, sometimes singly, sometimes in numbers, sometimes slow, and sometimes quickly, moved hither and thither. Now I wanted to look beyond this canal and see what was going on in the heart of the garden; but I found to my great trouble, that there was on the opposite side a similar grate, and so made, that there was a spear or a partizan opposite to every interstice of the one at which I stood, so that, look what way I would, I could see nothing beyond it. Beside, the old man held me so fast that I could not move with any freedom. But the more I saw the more curious I grew, and I summoned up courage to ask if I could not pass the grates. 'Why not?' said he, 'yet are there new conditions.' When I asked what they were, he gave me to understand that I must change my dress. I consented, and he conducted me to a neat little room near the wall, on whose walls hung many dresses, in fashion very like the oriental costume. I was soon drest in one, and my guide, to my horror, shook all the powder out of my hair, and stroked it back under a variegated net. I looked in a large mirror and was well pleased with my new apparel, which, I thought, became me far more than my stiff Sunday dress. I made some gestures and leaps, like what I had seen at the theatre at the time of the fair. Looking in the glass as I did this, I saw behind me a niche, where on a white ground were some green cords, wound up in a way I did not understand. I asked the old man about it, and he very politely took down a cord and showed it to me. It was a green silk cord of some strength, whose ends drawn through two cuts in a piece of green morocco, gave it the air of being intended for no very agreeable purpose. This disturbed me, and I asked the old man what it meant. He answered in a kind and sedate manner, 'It is intended for those who abuse the trust that is here shown them.' So saying, he hung the noose up again and desired me to follow him. This time he did not take my hand, but left me free.

"I was most of all curious to see where the door or bridge might be, by which I was to cross the canal, for I had not been able to find anything of the sort. I therefore looked earnestly at the golden grate as we went up to it, but I almost lost the power of sight, when suddenly spears, halberds, and partizans began to rattle and shake, and at last all their points sank downwards, just as if two squadrons, armed in the old-fashioned way with pikes, were to rush upon one another. Eyes and ears could scarcely endure the clash and confusion. But when they

were all lowered, they covered the canal, making the finest of bridges, and the gayest garden lay before me. It was divided into many beds, which formed a labyrinth of ornaments, all set in green borders of a low, woolly plant, which I never saw before. Each bed was of some particular sort of flower, and all of kinds that grow but little way from the ground, so that the eye could pass with ease over the whole parterre and take in its design. This beautiful scene, now lying in full sunshine, completely captivated my eyes. The winding paths were of a pure blue sand, which seemed to represent on earth a darker sky, or a sky in the water. In these I walked, my eyes cast downwards, sometimes by the side of the old man, till at last I perceived in the midst of this flower garden a circle of cypresses or poplar-shaped trees, through which the eye could not penetrate, because their lower branches seemed to come directly from the ground. My guide led me into this circle, and how was I surprised to find there a pavilion supported by pillars, with entrances on every side. Even more than the sight of this beautiful building enchanted me the celestial music that proceeded from it. Sometimes I seemed to hear a harp, sometimes a lute, sometimes a guitar, and at intervals a tinkling unlike any of these instruments. We went to one of the doors, which opened at a slight touch from the old man. How astonished was I to see in the portress a perfect likeness of the pretty little maiden, who in the dream had danced on my fingers. She greeted me with the air of an acquaintance, and asked me to come in. The old man remained without, and I went with her through an arched and highly ornamented passage, into the saloon, whose fine, lofty dome immediately excited my attention and wonder. Yet my eyes were soon diverted by a charming spectacle. On a carpet spread directly underneath the cupola, sat three women in the three corners, drest in the three different colors, one red, the second yellow, the third green; the seats were gilt, the carpet a perfect flower-bed. They held the three instruments which I had been able to distinguish from without, but had stopped playing on my entrance. 'You are welcome,' said she who sat in the middle facing the door, drest in red, and holding the harp. 'Sit down beside Alerte and listen, if you love music. Now I saw a rather long bench placed obliquely, on which lay a mandolin. The little maiden took it, sat down, and called me to her side. Then I looked at the lady on my right, she wore the yellow dress, and had a guitar in her hand. And as the harp player was of stately shape, dignified aspect, and majestic mein, so was the guitar player gay, light, and attractive in her appearance and manner. She was slender and flaxen-haired, the other had dark chestnut tresses. But the variety and harmony of their music could not prevent my fixing

my attention on the beauty in green, whose performance on the lute seemed to me peculiarly admirable and moving. She it was also, who seemed to pay most heed to me, and to direct her playing to me, yet I knew not what to make of her, for she seemed sometimes tender, sometimes whimsical, sometimes frank, and then again capricious, according as she varied her playing and her gestures. Sometimes she seemed desirous to move me, sometimes as if she made a jest of me. But do what she would she won little on me, for my little neighbor, by whom I sat elbow to elbow, charmed me, and seeing in the three ladies the sylphides of my dream, and the colors of the three apples, I well understood, that they were not to be obtained by me. I should willingly have laid hold of the little one, had I not too well remembered the box of the ear with which she had repulsed me in the dream. Hitherto she had not used her mandolin, but when her mistresses had finished, they bid her play some lively air. Scarcely had she begun the merry dancing tune, than she jumped up. I did the same. She played and danced. I imitated her steps, and we performed a sort of little ballet, with which the ladies seemed to be well pleased; for when we had finished, they bade the little maid give me something good, to refresh me until supper should be prepared. Alerte led me back into the passage through which I had come. It had at the sides two well arranged rooms, in one in which she lived she set before me oranges, figs, peaches, and grapes, and I enjoyed with keen appetite the fruits of foreign lands and of this season. There was also confectionary in abundance, and she filled for me a crystal cup of foaming wine, but I had sufficiently refreshed myself with the fruit, and did not need it. 'Now let us go and play,' said she, and led me into the other room. Here it looked like a Christmas market, yet at none did you ever see such splendid, elegant things. There were all sorts of dolls, dolls' clothes and furniture, kitchens, parlors, and shops, and single playthings innumerable. She led me about to all the glass cases in which these fine things were kept. But the first one she soon shut, saying, I know you will not care for these matters. From this next we might take building blocks, and make a great city of walls and towers, houses, palaces, and churches. But I don't like that; we must find something which may entertain us both.' She then brought some boxes, full of the prettiest little soldiers that ever were seen. She took one of these and gave me the other. 'We will go to the golden bridge,' said she, 'that is the best place to play with soldiers, the spears make lines on which it is easy to arrange the armies.' When we reached the golden floor, I heard the water ripple, and the fishes plash beneath me, as I knelt down to arrange my lines. All the soldiers were on horseback. She

boasted of the Queen of the Amazons with her host of female troopers, while I had Achilles, and a squadron of stately Greek horsemen. The armies stood opposite one another. Never was seen anything finer. These were not flat, leaden horsemen, like ours, but both man and horse round and with perfect bodies, worked out in the most delicate manner. It was not easy to understand how they kept their balance so perfectly, for each stood by itself without the aid of a foot-board.

"After we had surveyed them for a while with great satisfaction, she gave the signal for the attack. We had found artillery in the chests, namely, boxes full of polished agate balls. With these we were to fight at a given distance, but under the express condition, that no ball was to be thrown with force enough to hurt a figure, only to throw it down. For a while, the cannonade went on agreeably enough. But, when my antagonist observed that I aimed truer than she, and was likely to beat her, she drew nearer, and then her girlish way of throwing the balls was very successful. She threw down my best men in crowds, and the more I protested, the more zealously she threw her balls. This vexed me, and I declared I would do the same. Then I not only went nearer, but in my anger threw my balls so violently, that two of her little centauresses were snapt in pieces. In her eagerness, she, at first, did not remark this; but I stood petrified, as the broken figures, joining together again and becoming a living whole, left the golden bridge at full gallop, and after running to and fro as in the lists, were lost, I know not how, against the wall. My pretty antagonist no sooner was aware of this, than she broke out into loud weeping and wailing. She cried, that I had been to her the cause of an irreparable loss, far greater than she could say. But I, who was in a passion, was rejoiced to vex her, and threw a couple more balls with blind fury into her army. Unluckily I hit the Queen, who was not engaged in our regular play. She fell in pieces, and her adjutants were also shattered, but they recovered themselves like the others, galloped through the lindens, and were lost against the wall.

"My antagonist scolded and abused me, while I stooped to pick up other balls, which were rolling about on the golden spears. In my anger I should have destroyed her army, but she sprang upon me, and gave my ears a box which made my head resound. I, who had always heard, that when a maiden boxes your ears, a good kiss is to follow, seized her head in my hands and kissed her again and again. But she screamed so loudly, that she frightened me, and luckily I let her go, for at that moment the flooring began to quake and rattle. I observed the grate was rising, and was fearful of being spitted on one of the spears, as indeed the partizans and lances, as they rose up, did

tear my clothes. I scarcely know how I got away. I lost my sight and hearing. When I recovered, I found myself at the foot of a linden, against which the now erected barricade had thrown me. My anger was again aroused by the jests and laughter of my antagonist, who probably had fallen more gently on the other side of the grate. I jumped up, and, seeing my little army had been thrown down with me, seized Achilles, and threw him against a tree. His recovery and flight pleased me doubly, as gratifying my resentment, and giving me the prettiest sight in the world, and I should have sent all his Greeks after him, but that at once water began to spout and sprinkle from the wall, stones, branches, and ground, wetting me on every side. My light robe was soon wet through; it was torn before, and I did not hesitate to cast it from me. Then I threw off my slippers, and piece by piece all the rest of my apparel, and began to think it very pleasant to have a shower bath on so warm a day.

"I then walked up and down with a grave, dignified mien, amid this welcome water, and enjoyed myself highly. As my anger cooled I wished nothing more than to make peace with the pretty maiden. But now in an instant the water ceased to spout, and I stood dripping on the wet ground. The presence of the old man, who now approached me, was far from welcome. I wished I could, if not hide, yet at least cover myself. Ashamed, shivering, trying in some way to cover myself, I made but a pitiful figure; and the old man took the occasion to reprove me severely. 'What hinders me,' cried he, 'from using the green cord if not upon your neck, at least upon your back?' I was much incensed by this threat. 'You had best,' cried I, 'avoid such words, or even such thoughts, if you would not ruin yourself and your mistresses.' 'Who are you,' said he, contemptuously, 'that you should presume to speak thus?' 'A darling of the gods,' said I, 'on whom it depends, whether those ladies shall find proper bridegrooms, or whether they shall languish away and grow old in this magical cloister.' The old man drew back several steps. 'Who has revealed this to thee?' asked he, astonished and thoughtful. 'Three apples,' said I, 'three jewels.' 'And what dost thou ask as a reward?' said he. 'Above all things,' I replied, 'the little creature, who has brought me into this annoying situation.' The old man threw himself on his knees before me, without regarding the wet and mud; then he rose, quite dry, and taking me affectionately by the hand, led me into the dressing-room, and assisted me to put on my Sunday clothes, and dress my hair. He said no word more, but as he let me out, directed my attention by signs to the opposite wall, and then again to the little door. I understood well, that he wished I should impress these objects on my memory, in order that I might be able again to find the door, which shut

suddenly behind me. I now looked attentively at the opposite side. Above a high wall rose the boughs of some ancient walnut trees, partly covering the cornice which finished it. They reached to a stone tablet, whose ornamental border I could perceive, but could not read what was inscribed upon it. It rested on the projection of a niche, in which an artificially wrought fountain poured its waters, from cup to cup, into a basin, as large as a little pond, imbedded in the earth. Fountain, tablet, walnut-trees, stood directly one above the other. I could paint the spot just as I saw it.

"You may imagine how I passed this evening, and many following days, and how often I repeated to myself the particulars of this history, which I myself can hardly believe. As soon as possible I went in search of the place, in order at least to refresh my memory, and look once more at the wonderful door. But, to my astonishment, I found things much changed. Walnuts rose indeed above the wall, but not near one another. There was a tablet, but far to the right of the trees, and with a legible inscription. A niche on the left hand contains a fountain, but one not to be compared with that I saw the other time, so that I was ready to believe the second adventure as much a dream as the first, for of the door I found no trace The only thing that comforts me is to observe, that these three objects seem constantly to be changing place, for in my frequent visits I think I see that trees, tablet, and fountain seem to be drawing nearer together. Probably when they get into their places, the door will once more be visible, and I will then attempt to take up again the thread of the adventure. I cannot say, whether it may be in my power to tell you the sequel, or whether it may not expressly be forbidden me."

"This tale, of whose truth my companions were passionately desirous to convince themselves, was greatly applauded. They visited singly, without confiding their intention to me or to each other, the spot I had indicated, found the walnuts, the tablet, and the fountain, but at a distance from one another. They at last confessed it, for at that age, it is not easy to keep a secret. But here was the beginning of strife. One declared the objects never changed their places, but preserved always the same distance from one another. The second, that they changed, and went farther apart. A third agreed that they moved, but thought they approached one another. A fourth had seen something still more remarkable, the walnut-trees in the midst, and tablet and fountain on the sides opposite the spot where I had seen them. About the door they varied as much in their impressions. And thus I had an early example how men, in cases quite simple and easy of decision, form and maintain the most contrary opinions. As

I obstinately refused a sequel to the adventure, a repetition of this first part was frequently solicited. I took care never materially to vary the circumstances, and the uniformity of the narration converted fable into truth for my hearers." — *Dichtung und Wahrheit.*

The acting out the mystery into life, the calmness of survey, and the passionateness of feeling, above all the ironical baffling at the end, and want of point to a tale got up with such an eye to effect as he goes along, mark well the man that was to be. Even so did he demand in Werther, even so resolutely open the door in the first part of Faust, even so seem to play with himself and his contemporaries in the second part of Faust and Wilhelm Meister.

Yet was he deeply earnest in his play, not for men, but for himself. To himself as a part of nature it was important to grow, to lift his head to the light. In nature he had all confidence; for man, as a part of nature, infinite hope; but in him as an individual will, seemingly not much trust, at the earliest age.

The history of his intimacies marks his course; they were entered into with passionate eagerness, but always ended in an observation of the intellect, and he left them on his road as the snake leaves his skin. The first man he met of force sufficient to command a large share of his attention was Herder, and the benefit of this intercourse was critical, not genial. Of the good Lavater he soon perceived the weakness. Merck, again, commanded his respect, but the force of Merck also was cold.

But in the Grand Duke of Weimar he seems to have met a character strong enough to exercise a decisive influence upon his own. Goethe was not so politic and worldly, that a little man could ever have become his Mæcenas. In the Duchess Amelia and her son he found that practical sagacity, large knowledge of things as they are, active force, and genial feeling, which he had never before seen combined.

The wise mind of the Duchess gave the first impulse to the noble course of Weimar. But that her son should have availed himself of the foundation she laid is praise enough, in a world where there is such a rebound from

parental influence, that it generally seems that the child makes use of the directions given by the parent only to avoid the prescribed path. The Duke availed himself of guidance, though with a perfect independence in action. The Duchess had the unusual wisdom to know the right time for giving up the reins, and thus maintained her authority as far as the weight of her character was calculated to give it.

Of her Goethe was thinking when he wrote, "The admirable woman is she, who, if the husband dies, can be a father to the children."

The Duke seems to have been one of those characters, which are best known by the impression their personal presence makes on us, resembling an elemental and pervasive force, rather than wearing the features of an individuality. Goethe describes him as "Dämonische," that is, gifted with an instinctive, spontaneous force, which at once, without calculation or foresight, chooses the right means to an end. As these beings do not calculate, so is their influence incalculable. Their repose has as much influence over other beings as their action, even as the thunder-cloud, lying black and distant in the summer sky, is not less imposing than when it bursts and gives forth its quick lightnings. Such men were Mirabeau and Swift. They had also distinct talents, but their influence was from a perception in the minds of men of this spontaneous energy in their natures. Sometimes, though rarely, we see such a man in an obscure position; circumstances have not led him to a large sphere; he may not have expressed in words a single thought worth recording; but by his eye and voice he rules all around him.

He stands upon his feet with a firmness and calm security, which make other men seem to halt and totter in their gait. In his deep eye is seen an infinite comprehension, an infinite reserve of power. No accent of his sonorous voice is lost on any ear within hearing; and, when he speaks, men hate or fear perhaps the disturbing power they feel, but never dream of disobeying.

But hear Goethe himself.

"The boy believed in nature, in the animate and inanimate, the intelligent and unconscious to discover somewhat which manifested itself only through contradiction, and therefore

could not be comprehended by any conception, much less defined by a word. It was not divine, for it seemed without reason, not human, because without understanding, not devilish, because it worked to good, not angelic, because it often betrayed a petulant love of mischief. It was like chance, in that it proved no sequence; it suggested the thought of Providence, because it indicated connexion. To this all our limitations seem penetrable; it seemed to play at will with all the elements of our being; it compressed time and dilated space. Only in the impossible did it seem to delight, and to cast the possible aside with disdain.

"This existence which seemed to mingle with others, sometimes to separate, sometimes to unite, I called the Dämonische, after the example of the ancients, and others who have observed somewhat similar." — *Dichtung und Wahreit.*

"The Dämonische is that which cannot be explained by reason or understanding; it lies not in my nature, but I am subject to it.

"Napoleon was a being of this class, and in so high a degree, that scarce any one is to be compared with him. Also our late Grand Duke was such a nature, full of unlimited power of action and unrest, so that his own dominion was too little for him, and the greatest would have been too little. Demoniac beings of this sort the Greeks reckoned among their demi-gods." — *Conversations with Eckermann.*

This great force of will, this instinctive directness of action, gave the Duke an immediate ascendancy over Goethe, which no other person had ever possessed. It was by no means mere sycophancy that made him give up, the next ten years, the prime of his manhood, to accompanying the Grand Duke in his revels, or aiding him in his schemes of practical utility, or to contriving elegant amusements for the ladies of the court. It was a real admiration for the character of the genial man of the world and its environment.

Whoever is turned from his natural path may, if he will, gain in largeness and depth what he loses in simple beauty, and so it was with Goethe. Faust became a wiser if not a nobler being. Werther, who must die because life was not wide enough and rich enough in love for him, ends as the Meister of the Wanderjahre, well content to be one never inadequate to the occasion, "help-full, comfort-full."

A great change was during these years perceptible to his friends in the character of Goethe. From being always "either too volatile or infatuated," he retreated into a self-collected state, which seemed at first even icy to those around him. No longer he darted about him the lightnings of his genius, but sat Jove-like and calm, with the thunderbolts grasped in his hand, and the eagle gathered to his feet. His freakish wit was subdued into a calm and even cold irony, his multiplied relations no longer permitted him to abandon himself to any, the minister and courtier could not expatiate in the free regions of invention, and bring upon paper the signs of his higher life, without subjecting himself to an artificial process of isolation. Obliged to economy of time and means, he made of his intimates not objects of devout tenderness, of disinterested care, but the crammers and feeders of his intellect. The world was to him an arena or a studio, but not a temple.

"Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

Had Goethe entered upon practical life from the dictate of his spirit, which bade him not be a mere author, but a living, loving man, that had all been well. But he must also be a man of the world, and nothing can be more unfavorable to true manhood than this ambition. The citizen, the hero, the general, the poet, all these are in true relations, but what is called being a man of the world is to truckle to it, not truly serve it.

Thus fettered in false relations, detained from retirement upon the centre of his being, yet so relieved from the early pressure of his great thoughts as to pity more pious souls for being restless seekers, no wonder that he wrote

"Es ist dafür gesorgt dass die Bäume nicht in den Himneel wachsen."

Care is taken that the trees grow not up into the heavens.

Ay, Goethe, but in proportion to their force of aspiration is their height!

Yet never let him be confounded with those who sell all their birthright. He became blind to the more generous virtues, the nobler impulses, but ever in self-respect was busy to develope his nature. He was kind, industrious,

wise, gentlemanly, if not manly. If his genius lost sight of the highest aim, he is the best instructer in the use of means, ceasing to be a prophet poet, he was still a poetic artist. From this time forward he seems a listener to nature, but not himself the highest product of nature, a priest to the soul of nature. His works grow out of life, but are not instinct with the peculiar life of human resolve, as Shakspeare's or Dante's is.

Faust contains the great idea of his life, as indeed there is but one great poetic idea possible to man, the progress of a soul through the various forms of existence. All his other works, whatever their miraculous beauty of execution, are mere chapters to this poem, illustrative of particular points. Faust, had it been completed in the spirit in which it was begun, would have been the Divina Commedia of its age.

But nothing can better show the difference of result between a stern and earnest life, and one of partial accommodation, than a comparison between the Paradiso and that of the second part of Faust. In both a soul, gradually educated and led back to God, is received at last not through merit, but grace. But O the difference between the grandly humble reliance of old Catholicism, and the loop-hole redemption of modern sagacity. Dante was a *man*, of vehement passions, many prejudices, bitter as much as sweet. His knowledge was scanty, his sphere of observation narrow, the objects of his active life petty, compared with those of Goethe. But, constantly retiring on his deepest self, clearsighted to the limitations of man, but no less so to the illimitable energy of the soul, the sharpest details in his work convey a largest sense, as his strongest and steadiest flights only direct the eye to heavens yet beyond.

Yet perhaps he had not so hard a battle to wage, as this other great Poet. The fiercest passions are not so dangerous foes to the soul as the cold skepticism of the understanding. The Jewish demon assailed the man of Uz with physical ills, the Lucifer of the middle ages tempted his passions, but the Mephistopheles of the eighteenth century bade the finite strive to compass the infinite, and the intellect attempt to solve all the problems of the soul.

This path Faust had taken: it is that of modern ne-

cromany. Not willing to grow into God by the steady worship of a life, man would enforce his presence by a spell; not willing to learn his existence by the slow processes of their own, they strive to bind it in a word, that they may wear it about the neck as a talisman.

Faust, bent upon reaching the centre of the universe through the intellect alone, naturally, after a length of trial, which has prevented the harmonious unfolding of his nature, falls into despair. He has striven for one object, and that object eludes him. Returning upon himself, he finds large tracts of his nature lying waste and cheerless. He is too noble for apathy, too wise for vulgar content with the animal enjoyments of life. Yet the thirst he has been so many years increasing is not to be borne. Give me, he cries, but a drop of water to cool my burning tongue. Yet, in casting himself with a wild recklessness upon the impulses of his nature yet untried, there is a disbelief that anything short of the All can satisfy the immortal spirit. His first attempt was noble, though mistaken, and under the saving influence of it, he makes the compact, whose condition cheats the fiend at last.

Kannst du mich schmeichelnd je belügen
Dass ich mir selbst gefallen mag,
Kannst du mich mit Genüss betrügen:
Das sey für mich der letzte Tag.

Werd ich zum Augenblicke sagen:
Verweile doch! du bist so schön!
Dann magst du mich in Fesseln schlagen,
Dann will ich gern zu Grunde gehen.

Canst thou by falsehood or by flattery
Make me one moment with myself at peace,
Cheat me into tranquillity? Come then
And welcome, life's last day.
Make me but to the moment say,
Oh fly not yet, thou art so fair,
Then let me perish, &c.

But this condition is never fulfilled. Faust cannot be content wth sensuality, with the charlatanry of ambition, nor with riches. His heart never becomes callous, nor his moral and intellectual perceptions obtuse. He is saved at last.

With the progress of an individual soul is shadowed forth that of the soul of the age, beginning in intellectual

skepticism, sinking into license, cheating itself with dreams of perfect bliss, to be at once attained by means no surer than a spurious paper currency, longing itself back from conflict between the spirit and the flesh, induced by Christianity, to the Greek era with its harmonious development of body and mind, striving to reëmbody the loved phantom of classical beauty in the heroism of the middle age, flying from the Byron despair of those, who die because they cannot soar without wings, to schemes, however narrow, of practical utility, — redeemed at last through mercy alone.

The second part of Faust is full of meaning, resplendent with beauty; but it is rather an appendix to the first part than a fulfilment of its promise. The world, remembering the powerful stamp of individual feeling, universal indeed in its application, but individual in its life, which had conquered all its scruples in the first part, was vexed to find, instead of the man Faust, the spirit of the age, — discontented with the shadowy manifestation of truths it longed to embrace, and, above all, disappointed that the author no longer met us face to face, or riveted the ear by his deep tones of grief and resolve.

When the world shall have got rid of the still overpowering influence of the first part, it will be seen that the fundamental idea is never lost sight of in the second. The change is that Goethe, though the same thinker, is no longer the same person.

The continuation of Faust in the practical sense of the education of a man is to be found in Wilhelm Meister. Here we see the change by strongest contrast. The mainspring of action is no longer the impassioned and noble Seeker, but a disciple of Circumstance, whose most marked characteristic is a *taste* for virtue and knowledge. Wilhelm, certainly prefers these conditions of existence to their opposites, but there is nothing so decided in his character as to prevent his turning a clear eye on every part of that variegated world-scene, which the writer wished to place before us.

To see all till he knows all sufficiently to put objects into their relations, then to concentrate his powers and use his knowledge under recognised conditions, such is the progress of man from Apprentice to Master.

'T is pity that the volumes of the "Wanderjahre" have not been translated entire, as well as those of the "Lehrjahre," for many, who have read the latter only, fancy that Wilhelm becomes a Master in that work. Far from it, he has but just become conscious of the higher powers that have ceaselessly been weaving his fate. Far from being as yet a Master, he but now begins to be a Knower. In the "Wanderjahre" we find him gradually learning the duties of citizenship, and hardening into manhood, by applying what he has learnt for himself to the education of his child. He converses on equal terms with the wise and beneficent, he is no longer duped and played with for his good, but met directly mind to mind.

Wilhelm is a Master when he can command his actions, yet keep his mind always open to new means of knowledge. When he has looked at various ways of living, various forms of religion and of character, till he has learned to be tolerant of all, discerning of good in all. When the astronomer imparts to his equal ear his highest thoughts, and the poor cottager seeks his aid as a patron and counsellor.

To be capable of all duties, limited by none, with an open eye, a skilful and ready hand, an assured step, a mind deep, calm, foreseeing without anxiety, hopeful without the aid of illusion, such is the ripe state of manhood. This attained, the great soul should still seek and labor, but strive and battle never more.

The reason for Goethe's choosing so negative a character as Wilhelm, and leading him through scenes of vulgarity and low vice, would be obvious enough to a person of any depth of thought, even if he himself had not announced it. He thus obtained room to paint life as it really is, and bring forward those slides in the magic lantern which are always known to exist, though they may not be spoken of to ears polite.

Wilhelm cannot abide in tradition, nor do as his fathers did before him, merely for the sake of money or a standing in society. The stage, here an emblem of the ideal life as it gleams before unpractised eyes, offers, he fancies, opportunity for a life of thought as distinguished from one of routine. Here, no longer the simple citizen, but Man, all Men, he will rightly take upon himself the different aspects of life, till poet-wise, he shall have learnt them all.

No doubt the attraction of the stage to young persons of a vulgar character is merely the brilliancy of its trappings, but to Wilhelm, as to Goethe, it was this poetic freedom and daily suggestion, which seemed likely to offer such an agreeable studio in the green-room.

But the ideal must be rooted in the real, else the poet's life degenerates into buffoonery or vice. Wilhelm finds the characters formed by this would-be ideal existence more despicable than those which grew up on the track, dusty and bustling and dull as it had seemed, of common life. He is prepared by disappointment for a higher ambition.

In the house of the Count he finds genuine elegance, genuine sentiment, but not sustained by wisdom, or a devotion to important objects. This love, this life is also inadequate.

Now with Teresa, he sees the blessings of domestic peace. He sees a mind sufficient for itself, finding employment and education in the perfect economy of a little world. The lesson is pertinent to the state of mind in which his former experiences have left him, as indeed our deepest lore is won from reaction. But a sudden change of scene introduces him to the society of the sage and learned Uncle, the sage and beneficent Natalia. Here he finds the same virtues as with Teresa, and enlightened by a larger wisdom.

A friend of mine says, that his ideal of a friend is a worthy Aunt, one who has the tenderness without the blindness of a mother, and takes the same charge of the child's mind, as the mother of its body. I don't know but this may have a foundation in truth, though, if so, Auntism, like other grand professions, has sadly degenerated. At any rate, Goethe seems to be possessed with a similar feeling. The Count de Thorane, a man of powerful character, who made a deep impression on his childhood, was, he says, "reverenced by me as an Uncle." And the ideal wise man of this common-life epic stands before us as "The Uncle."

After seeing the working of just views in the establishment of the Uncle, learning piety from the Confessions of a Beautiful Soul, and religious beneficence from the beautiful life of Natalia, Wilhelm is deemed worthy of admis-

sion to the society of the Illuminati, that is, those who have pierced the secret of life, and know what it is to be and to do.

Here he finds the scroll of his life "drawn with large, sharp strokes," that is, these truly wise read his character for him, and "mind and destiny are but two names for one idea."

He now knows enough to enter on the Wanderjahre.

Goethe always represents the highest principle in the feminine form. Woman is the Minerva, man the Mars. As in the Faust, the purity of Gretchen, resisting the demon always, even after all her faults, is announced to have saved her soul to heaven; and in the second part she appears, not only redeemed herself, but by her innocence and forgiving tenderness hallowed to redeem the being who had injured her.

So in the Meister, these women hover around the narrative, each embodying the spirit of the scene. The frail Philina, graceful though contemptible, represents the degradation incident to an attempt at leading an exclusively poetic life. Mignon, gift divine as ever the Muse bestowed on the passionate heart of Man, with her soft mysterious inspiration, her pining for perpetual youth, represents the high desire that leads to this mistake, as Aurelia the desire for excitement; Teresa, practical wisdom, gentle tranquillity, which seem most desirable after the Aurelia glare. Of the beautiful soul and Natalia we have already spoken. The former embodies what was suggested to Goethe by the most spiritual person he knew in youth, Mademoiselle von Klettenberg, over whom, as he said, in her invalid loneliness the Holy Ghost brooded like a dove.

Entering on the Wanderjahre, Wilhelm becomes acquainted with another woman, who seems the complement of all the former, and represents the idea which is to guide and mould him in the realization of all the past experience.

This person, long before we see her, is announced in various ways as a ruling power. She is the last hope in cases of difficulty, and, though an invalid, and living in absolute retirement, is consulted by her connexions and acquaintance as an unerring judge in all their affairs.

All things tend towards her as a centre; she knows all, governs all, but never goes forth from herself.

Wilhelm, at last, visits her. He finds her infirm in body, but equal to all she has to do. Charity and counsel to men who need her are her business; astronomy her pleasure.

After a while, Wilhelm ascertains from the Astronomer, her companion, what he had before suspected, that she really belongs to the solar system, and only appears on earth to give men a feeling of the planetary harmony. From her youth up, says the Astronomer, till she knew me, though all recognised in her an unfolding of the highest moral and intellectual qualities, she was supposed to be sick at her times of clear vision. When her thoughts were not in the heavens, she returned and acted in obedience to them on earth; she was then said to be well.

When the Astronomer had observed her long enough, he confirmed her inward consciousness of a separate existence and peculiar union with the heavenly bodies.

Her picture is painted with many delicate traits, and a gradual preparation leads the reader to acknowledge the truth, but, even in the slight indication here given, who does not recognise thee, divine Philosophy, sure as the planetary orbits and inexhaustible as the fount of light, crowning the faithful Seeker at last with the privilege to possess his own soul.

In all that is said of Macaria,* we recognise that no thought is too religious for the mind of Goethe. It was indeed so; you can deny him nothing, but only feel that his works are not instinct and glowing with the central fire, and, after catching a glimpse of the highest truth, are forced again to find him too much afraid of losing sight of the limitations of nature to overflow you or himself with the creative spirit.

While the apparition of the celestial Macaria seems to announce the ultimate destiny of the soul of Man, the practical application of all Wilhelm has thus painfully acquired is not of pure Delphian strain. Goethe draws as he passes a dart from the quiver of Phœbus, but ends as Esculapius or Mercury. Wilhelm, at the school of the Three Reverences, thinks out what can be done for

* The name of Macaria is one of noblest association. It is that of the daughter of Hercules, who devoted herself a voluntary sacrifice for her country. She was adored by the Greeks as the true Felicity.

man in his temporal relations. He learns to practise moderation, and even painful renunciation. The book ends, simply indicating what the course of his life will be, by making him perform an act of kindness, with good judgment, and at the right moment.

Surely the simple soberness of Goethe should please at least those who style themselves, *par excellence*, people of common sense.

The following remarks are by the celebrated Rahel, von Ense whose discernment as to his works was highly prized by Goethe.

"Don Quixote and Wilhelm Meister!

"Embrace one another, Cervantes and Goethe!

"Both, using their own clear eyes, vindicated human nature. They saw the champions through their errors and follies, looking down into the deepest soul, seeing there the true form. The Don as well as Meister is called a fool by *respectable* people, wandering hither and thither, transacting no business of real life, bringing nothing to pass, scarce even knowing what he ought to think on any subject, very unfit for the hero of a romance. Yet has our Sage known how to paint the good and honest mind in perpetual toil and conflict with the world, as it is embodied, never sharing one moment the impure confusion, always striving to find fault with and improve itself, always so innocent as to see others for better than they are, and generally preferring them to himself, learning from all, indulging all except the manifestly base; the more you understand, the more you respect and love this character.

"Cervantes has painted the knight, Goethe the culture of the entire man, — both their own time."

But those who demand from him a life-long continuance of the early ardor of Faust, who wish to see throughout his works, not only such manifold beauty and subtle wisdom, but the clear assurance of divinity, the pure white light of Macaria, wish that he had not so variously unfolded his nature, and concentred it more. They would see him slaying the serpent with the divine wrath of Apollo, rather than taming it to his service, like Esculapius. They wish that he had never gone to Weimar, had never become an universal connoisseur and dilettant in science, and courtier as "graceful as a born nobleman," but had borne the burden of life with the suffering crowd, and deepened

his nature in loneliness and privation, till Faust had conquered, rather than cheated the devil, and the music of heavenly faith superseded the grave and mild eloquence of human wisdom.

The expansive genius which moved so gracefully in its self-imposed fetters, is constantly surprising us by its content with a choice low, in so far as it was not the highest of which the mind was capable. The secret may be found in the second motto of this slight essay.

"He who would do great things must quickly draw together his forces. The master can only show himself such through limitation, and the law alone can give us freedom."

But there is a higher spiritual law always ready to supersede the temporal laws at the call of the human soul. The soul that is too content with usual limitations will never call forth this unusual manifestation.

If there be a tide in the affairs of men, which must be taken at the right moment to lead on to fortune, it is the same with inward as with outward life. He, who in the crisis hour of youth has stopped short of himself, is not likely to find again what he has missed in one life, for there are a great number of blanks to a prize in each lottery.

But the pang we feel that "those who are so much are not more," seems to promise new spheres, new ages, new crises to enable these beings to complete their circle.

Perhaps Goethe is even now sensible that he should not have stopped at Weimar as his home, but made it one station on the way to Paradise; not stopped at humanity, but regarded it as symbolical of the divine, and given to others to feel more distinctly the centre of the universe, as well as the harmony in its parts. It is great to be an Artist, a Master, greater still to be a Seeker till the Man has found all himself.

What Goethe meant by self-collection was a collection of means for work, rather than to divine the deepest truths of being. Thus are these truths always indicated, never declared; and the religious hope awakened by his subtle discernment of the workings of nature never gratified, except through the intellect.

He whose prayer is only work will not leave his treasure in the secret shrine.

One is ashamed when finding any fault with one like Goethe, who is so great. It seems the only criticism should be to do all he omitted to do, and that none who cannot is entitled to say a word. Let one speak who was all Goethe was not; noble, true, virtuous, but neither wise nor subtle in his generation, a divine ministrant, a baffled man, ruled and imposed on by the pigmies whom he spurned, a heroic artist, a democrat to the tune of Burns:

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

Hear Beethoven speak of Goethe on an occasion which brought out the two characters in strong contrast.

Extract from a letter of Beethoven to Bettina Brentano, Töplitz, 1812.

"Kings and Princes can indeed make Professors and Privy Councillors, and hang upon them titles; but great men they cannot make; souls that rise above the mud of the world, these they must let be made by other means than theirs, and should therefore show them respect. When two such as I and Goethe come together, then must great lords observe what is esteemed great by one of us. Coming home yesterday, we met the whole Imperial family. We saw them coming, and Goethe left me and insisted on standing one side; let me say what I would, I could not make him come on one step. I pressed my hat upon my head, buttoned my surtout, and passed on through the thickest crowd. Princes and parasites made way; the Arch-duke Rudolph took off his hat; the Empress greeted me first. Their Highnesses KNOW ME. I was well amused to see the crowd pass by Goethe. At the side stood he, hat in hand, low bowed in reverence till all had gone by. Then have I scolded him well. I gave no pardon, but reproached him with all his sins, most of all those towards you, dearest Bettina; we had just been talking of you."

If Beethoven appears, in this scene, somewhat arrogant and bearish, yet how noble his extreme compared with the opposite! Goethe's friendship with the Grand Duke we respect, for Karl-August was a strong man. But we regret to see at the command of any and all members of the ducal family, and their connexions, who had nothing but rank to recommend them, his time and thoughts, of which he was so chary to private friends. Beethoven could not endure to teach the Archduke Rudolph, who had the soul

duly to revere his genius, because he felt it to be "hofdienst," court-service. He received with perfect nonchalance the homage of the sovereigns of Europe. Only the Empress of Russia and the Archduke Karl, whom he esteemed as individuals, had power to gratify him by their attentions. Compare with Goethe's obsequious pleasure, at being able gracefully to compliment such high personages, Beethoven's conduct with regard to the famous Heroic Symphony. This was composed at the suggestion of Bernadotte, while Napoleon was still in his first glory. He was then the hero of Beethoven's imagination, who hoped from him the liberation of Europe. With delight the great artist expressed in his eternal harmonies the progress of the Hero's soul. The symphony was finished, and even dedicated to Bonaparte, when the news came of his declaring himself Emperor of the French. The first act of the indignant artist was to tear off his dedication and trample it under foot, nor could he endure again even the mention of Napoleon till the time of his fall.

Admit, that Goethe had a natural taste for the trappings of rank and wealth, from which the musician was quite free, yet we cannot doubt that both saw through these externals to man as a nature; there can be no doubt on whose side was the simple greatness, the noble truth. We pardon thee, Goethe, — but thee, Beethoven, we revere; for thou hast maintained the worship of the Manly, the Permanent, the True.

The clear perception which was in Goethe's better nature of the beauty of that steadfastness, of that singleness and simple melody of soul, which he too much sacrificed to become "the many-sided One," is shown most distinctly in his two surpassingly beautiful works, The Elective Affinities and Iphigenia.

Not Werther, not the Nouvelle Heloise, have been assailed with such a storm of indignation as the first named of these works, on the score of gross immorality.

The reason probably is the subject; any discussion of the validity of the marriage vow making society tremble to its foundation; and secondly, the cold manner in which it is done. All that is in the book would be bearable to most minds, if the writer had had less the air of a specta-

tor, and had larded his work here and there with ejaculations of horror and surprise.

These declarations of sentiment on the part of the author seem to be required by the majority of readers, in order to an interpretation of his purpose, as sixthly, seventhly, and eighthly were, in an old-fashioned sermon, to rouse the audience to a perception of the method made use of by the preacher.

But it has always seemed to me that those who need not such helps to their discriminating faculties, but read a work so thoroughly as to apprehend its whole scope and tendency, rather than hear what the author says it means, will regard the Elective Affinities as a work especially what is called moral in its outward effect, and religious even to piety in its spirit. The mental aberrations of the consorts from their plighted faith, though in the one case never indulged, and though in the other no veil of sophistry is cast over the weakness of passion, but all that is felt expressed with the openness of one who desires to legitimate what he feels, are punished by terrible griefs and a fatal catastrophe. Ottilia, that being of exquisite purity, with intellect and character so harmonized in feminine beauty, as they never before were found in any portrait of woman painted by the hand of man, perishes, on finding she has been breathed on by unhallowed passion, and led to err even by her ignorant wishes against what is held sacred. The only personage whom we do not pity is Edward, for he is the only one who stifles the voice of conscience.

There is, indeed, a sadness, as of an irresistible fatality brooding over the whole. It seems as if only a ray of angelic truth could have enabled these men to walk wisely in this twilight, at first so soft and alluring, then deepening into blind horror.

But if no such ray came to prevent their earthly errors, it seems to point heavenward in the saintly sweetness of Ottilia. Her nature, too fair for vice, too finely wrought even for error, comes lonely, intense, and pale, like the evening star on the cold wintry night. It tells of other worlds, where the meaning of such strange passages as this must be read to those faithful and pure like her, victims perishing in the green garlands of a spotless youth to atone for the unworthiness of others.

An unspeakable pathos is felt from the minutest trait of this character, and deepens with every new study of it. Not even in Shakspeare have I so felt the organizing power of genius. Through dead words I find the least gestures of this person, stamping themselves on my memory, betraying to the heart the secret of her life, which she herself, like all these divine beings, knew not. I feel myself familiarized with all beings of her order. I see not only what she was, but what she might have been, and live with her in yet untrodden realms.

Here is the glorious privilege of a form known only in the world of genius. There is on it no stain of usage or calculation to dull our sense of its immeasurable life. What in our daily walk, amid common faces and common places, fleets across us at moments from glances of the eye or tones of the voice, is felt from the whole being of one of these children of genius.

This precious gem is set in a ring complete in its enamel. I cannot hope to express my sense of the beauty of this book as a work of art. I would not attempt it, if I had elsewhere met any testimony to the same. The perfect picture always before the mind of the chateau, the moss hut, the park, the garden, the lake, with its boat and the landing beneath the platan trees; the gradual manner in which both localities and persons grow upon us, more living than life, inasmuch as we are, unconsciously, kept at our best temperature by the atmosphere of genius, and thereby more delicate in our perceptions than amid our customary fogs; the gentle unfolding of the central thought, as a flower in the morning sun; then the conclusion, rising like a cloud, first soft and white, but darkening as it comes, till with a sudden wind it bursts above our heads; the ease with which we everywhere find points of view all different, yet all bearing on the same circle, for, though we feel every hour new worlds, still before our eye lie the same objects, new, yet the same, unchangeable, yet always changing their aspects as we proceed, till at last we find we ourselves have traversed the circle, and know all we overlooked at first.

For myself, I never felt so completely that very thing which genius should always make us feel, that I was in its circle, and could not get out till its spell was done, and its

last spirit permitted to depart. I was not carried away, instructed, delighted more than by other works, but I was there, living there, whether as the platan tree, or the architect, or any other observing part of the scene. The personages live too intensely to let us live in them, they draw around themselves circles within the circle, we can only see them close, not be themselves.

Others, it would seem, on closing the book, exclaim, "what an immoral book!" I well remember my own thought: "It is a work of Art!" At last I understood that world within a world, that ripest fruit of human nature, which is called Art. With each perusal of the book my wonder and delight at this wonderful fulfilment of design grew. I understood why Goethe was well content to be called Artist, and his works, works of art, rather than revelations. At this moment, remembering what I then felt, I am inclined to class all my negations just written on this paper as stuff, and to look upon myself, for thinking them, with as much contempt as Mr. Carlyle, or Mrs. Austin, or Mrs. Jameson might do, to say nothing of the German Goetheans.

Yet that they were not without foundation I feel again when I turn to the Iphigenia; a work beyond the possibility of negation; a work where a religious meaning not only pierces, but enfolds the whole; a work as admirable in art, still higher in significance, more single in expression.

There is an English translation (I know not how good) of Goethe's Iphigenia. But as it may not be generally known, I will give a sketch of the drama. Iphigenia, saved at the moment of the sacrifice made by Agamemnon in behalf of the Greeks, by the goddess, and transferred to the temple at Tauris, appears alone in the consecrated grove. Many years have passed since she was severed from the home of such a tragic fate, the palace of Mycenæ. Troy had fallen, Agamemnon been murdered, Orestes had grown up to avenge his death. All these events were unknown to the exiled Iphigenia. The priestess of Diana in a barbarous land, she had passed the years in the duties of the sanctuary, and in acts of beneficence. She had acquired great power over the mind of Thoas, king of Tauris, and used it to protect strangers, whom it had previously been the custom of the country to sacrifice to the goddess.

She salutes us with a soliloquy, of which this is a rude translation.

Beneath your shade, living summits
Of this ancient, holy, thick-leaved grove,
As in the silent sanctuary of the Goddess,
Still I walk with those same shuddering feelings
As when I trod these walks for the first time.
My spirit cannot accustom itself to these places,
Many years now has kept me here concealed
A higher will to which I am submissive;
Yet ever am I, as at first, the stranger;
For ah! the sea divides me from the beloved ones;
And on the shore whole days I stand,
Seeking with my soul the land of the Greeks,
And to my sighs brings the rushing wave only
Its hollow tones in answer.
Woe to him who, far from parents, and brothers, and sisters,
Drags on a lonely life. Grief consumes
The nearest happiness away from his lips;
His thoughts crowd downwards —
Seeking the hall of his fathers, where the Sun
First opened heaven to him, and kindred-born
In the first plays knit daily firmer and firmer
The bond from heart to heart. — I question not the Gods,
Only the lot of woman is one for sorrow;
In the house and in the war man rules,
Knows how to help himself in foreign lands,
Possessions gladden and victory crowns him,
And an honorable death stands ready to end his days.
Within what narrow limits is bounded the luck of woman!
To obey a rude husband even is duty and comfort; — how sad
When, instead, a hostile fate drives her out of her sphere.
So holds me Thoas, indeed a noble man, fast
In solemn, sacred, but slavish bonds.
O with shame I confess that with secret reluctance
I serve thee, Goddess, thee, my deliverer;
My life should freely have been dedicate to thee,
But I have always been hoping in thee, O Diana,
Who didst take in thy soft arms me, the rejected daughter
Of the greatest king; yes, daughter of Zeus,
I thought if thou gavest such anguish to him, the high hero,
The godlike Agamemnon;
Since he brought his dearest, a victim, to thy altar,
That, when he should return, crowned with glory, from Ilium,
At the same time thou shouldst give to his arms his other treasures,
His spouse, Electra, and the princely son,
Me also thou wouldst restore to mine own,
Saving a second time me, whom from death thou didst save,
From this worse death, the life of exile here.

These are the words and thoughts, but how give an

idea of the sweet simplicity of expression in the original, where every word has the grace and softness of a flower petal.

She is interrupted by a messenger from the king, who prepares her for a visit from himself of a sort she has dreaded. Thoas, who has always loved her, now left childless by the calamities of war, can no longer resist his desire to reanimate by her presence his desert house. He begins by urging her to tell him the story of her race, which she does in a way that makes us feel as if that most famous tragedy had never before found a voice, so simple, so fresh in its naiveté is the recital.

Thoas urges his suit undismayed by the fate that hangs over the race of Tantalus.

Was it the same Tantalus,
Whom Jupiter called to his council and banquets,
In whose talk so deeply experienced, full of various learning,
The Gods delighted as in the speech of oracles?

IPHIGENIA.

It is the same, but the Gods should not
Converse with men, as with their equals.
The mortal race is much too weak
Not to turn giddy on unaccustomed heights.
He was not ignoble, neither a traitor,
But for a servant too great, and as a companion
Of the great Thunderer only a man. So was
His fault also that of a man, its penalty
Severe, and poets sing — Presumption
And faithlessness cast him down from the throne of Jove
Into the anguish of ancient Tartarus;
Ah, and all his race bore their hate.

THOAS.

Bore it the blame of the ancestor or its own?

IPHIGENIA.

Truly the vehement breast and powerful life of the Titan
Were the assured inheritance of son and grandchild,
But the Gods bound their brows with a brazen band,
Moderation, counsel, wisdom, and patience
Were hid from their wild, gloomy glance,
Each desire grew to fury,
And limitless ranged their passionate thoughts.

Iphigenia refuses with gentle firmness to give to gratitude what was undue. Thoas leaves her in anger, and, to make her

feel it, orders that the old, barbarous custom be renewed, and two strangers just arrived be immolated at Diana's altar.

Iphigenia, though distressed, is not shaken by this piece of tyranny. She trusts her heavenly protectress will find some way for her to save these unfortunates without violating her truth.

The strangers are Orestes and Pylades, sent thither by the oracle of Apollo, who bade them go to Tauris and bring back "The Sister," thus shall the heaven-ordained parricide of Orestes be expiated, and the Furies cease to pursue him.

The Sister they interpret to be Dian, Apollo's sister, but Iphigenia, sister to Orestes, is really meant.

The next act contains scenes of most delicate workmanship, first between the light-hearted Pylades, full of worldly resource and ready tenderness, and the suffering Orestes, of far nobler, indeed heroic nature, but less fit for the day, and more for the ages. In the first scene the characters of both are brought out with great skill, and the nature of the bond between "the butterfly and the dark flower" distinctly shown in few words.

The next scene is between Iphigenia and Pylades. Pylades, though he truly answers the questions of the priestess about the fate of Troy and the house of Agamemnon, does not hesitate to conceal from her who Orestes really is, and manufactures a tissue of useless falsehoods with the same readiness that the wise Ulysses showed in exercising his ingenuity on similar occasions.

It is said, I know not how truly, that the modern Greeks are Ulyssean in this respect, never telling straight-forward truth, when deceit will answer the purpose; and if they tell any truth, practising the economy of the king of Ithaca, in always reserving a part for their own use. The character which this denotes is admirably hit off with few strokes in Pylades, the fair side of whom Iphigenia thus paints in a later scene.

Bless, ye Gods, our Pylades,
And whatever he may undertake!
He is the arm of the youth in battle,
The light-giving eye of the aged man in the council.

For his soul is still; it preserves
The holy possession of Repose unexhausted,
And from its depths still reaches
Help and advice to those tossed to and fro.

Iphigenia leaves him in sudden agitation, when informed of the death of Agamemnon. Returning, she finds in his place Orestes, whom she had not before seen, and draws from him by her artless questions the sequel to this terrible drama wrought by his hand. After he has concluded his narrative in the deep tones of cold anguish; she cries,

Immortals, you who your bright days through
Live in bliss throned on clouds ever renewed,
Only for this have you all these years
Kept me separate from men, and so near yourselves,
Given me the childlike employment to cherish the fires on your altars,
That my soul might, in like pious clearness,
Be ever aspiring towards your abodes,
That only later and deeper I might feel
The anguish and horror that have darkened my house.
O, Stranger,
Speak to me of the unhappy one, tell me of Orestes.

ORESTES.

O might I speak of his death!
Vehement flew up from the reeking blood
His Mother's Soul!
And called to the ancient daughters of Night,
Let not the parricide escape;
Pursue that man of crime. He is yours.
They obey, their hollow eyes
Darting about with vulture eagerness,
They stir themselves in their black dens,
From corners their companions
Doubt and Remorse steal out to join them,
Before them roll the mists of Acheron,
In its cloudy volumes rolls
The eternal contemplation of the irrevocable,
Bewildering round the head of the guilty.
Permitted now in their love of ruin they tread
The beautiful fields of a God-planted earth,
From which they had long been banished by an early curse.
Their swift feet follow the fugitive,
They pause never except to gather more power to dismay.

IPHIGENIA.

Unhappy man, thou art in like manner tortured,
And feelest truly what he, the poor fugitive, suffers!

ORESTES.

What sayest thou, what meanest of "like manner."

IPHIGENIA.

Thee, too, the weight of a fratricide crushes to earth; the tale
I had from thy younger brother.

ORESTES.

I cannot suffer that thou, great soul,
Shouldst be deceived by a false tale,
A web of lies let stranger weave for stranger,
Subtle with many thoughts, accustomed to craft,
Guarding his feet against a trap;
But between us
Be Truth;———
I am Orestes;—and this guilty head
Bent downward to the grave seeks death,
In any shape were he welcome.
Whoever thou art, I wish thou mightst be saved,
Thou and my friend; for myself I wish it not.
Thou seem'st against thy will here to remain;
Invent a way to fly and leave me here, &c.

Like all pure productions of genius, this may be injured by the slightest change, and I dare not flatter myself that the English words give an idea of the heroic dignity expressed in the cadence of the original by the words

"zwischen uns
Sey Wahrheit!
Ich bin Orest!"

where the Greek seems to fold his robe around him in the full strength of classic manhood, prepared for worst and best, not like a cold Stoic, but a hero, who can feel all, know all, and endure all. The name of two syllables in the German is much more forcible for the pause than the three syllable Orestes.

"between us
Be Truth!"

is fine to my ear, on which our word Truth also pauses with a large dignity.

The scenes go on more and more full of breathing beauty. The lovely joy of Iphigenia, the meditative softness with which the religiously educated mind perpetually draws the inference from the most agitating event, impress us more and more. At last the hour of trial comes. She is to keep off Thoas by a cunningly devised tale, while her brother and Pylades contrive their escape. Orestes

has received to his heart the sister long lost, divinely restored, and in the embrace the curse falls from him, he is well, and Pylades more than happy. The ship waits to carry her to the palace home she is to free from a century's weight of pollution, and already the blue heavens of her adored Greece gleam before her fancy.

But oh! the step before all this can be obtained. To deceive Thoas, a savage and a tyrant indeed, but long her protector, — in his barbarous fashion her benefactor. How can she buy life, happiness, or even the safety of those dear ones at such a price!

"Woe,
O Woe upon the lie. It frees not the breast,
Like the true-spoken word; it comforts not, but tortures
Him who devised it, and returns,
An arrow once let fly, God-repelled, back
On the bosom of the Archer!"

O must I then resign the silent hope
Which gave a beauty to my loneliness?
Must the curse dwell forever, and our race
Never be raised to life by a new blessing?
All things decay, the fairest bliss is transient,
The powers most full of life grow faint at last,
And shall a curse alone boast an incessant life?
Then have I idly hoped that here kept pure,
So strangely severed from my kindred's lot,
I was designed to come at the right moment,
And with pure hand and heart to expiate
The many sins that spot my native home.

To lie, to steal the sacred image!
Olympians, let not these vulture talons
Seize on the tender breast. O save me,
And save your image in my soul.

Within my ears resounds the ancient lay,
I had forgotten it, and would so gladly;
The lay of the Parcæ, which they awful sang,
As Tantalus fell from his golden seat
They suffered with the noble friend, wrathful
Was their heart, and fearful was the song.
In our childhood the nurse was wont to sing it
To me and the brother and sister. I marked it well.

Then follows the sublime song of the Parcæ, well known through translations.

But Iphigenia is not a victim of fate, for she listens steadfastly to the god in her breast. Her lips are incapable

of subterfuge. She obeys her own heart, tells all to the king, calls up his better nature, wins, hallows, and purifies all around her, till the heaven-prepared way is cleared by the obedient child of heaven, and the great trespass of Tantalus cancelled by a woman's reliance on the voice of her innocent soul.

If it be not possible to enhance the beauty with which such ideal figures as the Iphigenia and the Antigone appeared to the Greek mind, yet Goethe has unfolded a part of the life of this being, unknown elsewhere in the records of literature. The character of the priestess, the full beauty of virgin womanhood, solitary but tender, wise and innocent, sensitive and self-collected, sweet as spring, dignified as becomes the chosen servant of God, each gesture and word of deep and delicate significance; — where else is such a picture to be found?

It was not the courtier, nor the man of the world, nor the connoisseur, nor the friend of Mephistopheles, nor Wilhelm the Master, nor Egmont the generous free liver, that saw Iphigenia in the world of spirits, but Goethe in his first-born glory, Goethe the poet, Goethe designed to be the keenest star in a new constellation. Let us not in surveying his works and life abide with him too much in the suburbs and outskirts of himself. Let us enter into his higher tendency, thank him for such angels as Iphigenia, whose simple truth mocks at all his wise "Beschrankungen," and hope the hour when, girt about with many such, he will confess, contrary to his opinion, given in his latest days, that it *is* well worth while to live seventy years, if only to find that they are nothing in the sight of God.

F.

TWO HYMNS.

I.

God of those splendid stars! I need
Thy presence, need to know
That thou art God, my God indeed, —
Cold and far off *they* shine, they glow.
In their strange brightness, like to spirit's eyes,
Awful intensely on my naked soul:
Beautiful are they, — but so strange — so cold,
I know them not: —— I shrink, I cling
Like a scared insect to this whirling ball,
Upon whose swelling lines, I woke, one morn,
Unknowing who I was, or whence I came:
And still I know not — fastened to its verge
By a resistless power, — with it, I speed
On its eternal way, and those strange eyes,
Those starry eyes look ever on me thus, —
I wake, I sleep, but still they look on me,
Mild yet reproachful, beautiful but strange.

Visions are round me, — many moving things,
In clothing beautiful, soft and colored forms
With drooping heads caressing, — eyes, so meek,
And loving and appealing, — but they hold
A nature strange and different, — each enwrapt
In its own mortal mystery, — near they are,
And yet how distant! familiar, fond,
Yet strangers all. I know not what they are.

And higher forms, from out whose mystic eyes,
Gracefully curved and vestal-like, obscured
By shading lashes, — looks a being out,
That seems myself and is not: — kindred linked
Yet most communionless, — I know them not,
Nor they know me: — nearest, yet most apart,
Moving in saddest mystery each to each,
Like spell-bound souls, that coldly meet in dreams,
Which in some waking hour had intertwined.

Yet some too, woven with me, in a veil,
Viewless, but all-enduring, — kindred love: —
Their eyes are on me, like awakening light:
They touch my forehead, press my given hand,
Smile rare or oft, or sit most silently, —
Yet all is understood, — the watchful care,
The sympathetic joy, and the unutterable wealth
Of helping tears: all, all is understood:
Sure these are me: sure my affections, theirs,
Awe-stricken thoughts and over-rushing sins,
My hopes, my loves, my struggles, and my straits

Are theirs to bear, to know, to carry out,
To sift, to learn, to war and wrestle through:
Ah no, oh no, for every spirit round
There is a circle, where no other comes.
Even when we lay our head upon the breast
And pour our thoughts, as liquid jewels, out,
And feel the strength, that comes from soul beloved
Steal through our own as steals the living heat,
Nurture, and bloom, into the opening leaves.
Yet is the spirit lone, — its problem deep,
No other may work out, — its mystic way,
No other wing may try: passionate hopes,
Mighty yet powerless, and most awful fears,
Its strength, ne'er equal to the burden laid,
Longings to stop, yet eagerness to go,
Is its alone: a wall unscalable
Circuits the soul, — its fellows cannot pass;
The mother may not spare the child, to take
Its youthful burden on her willing heart,
Nor friend enfranchise friend. Alone, alone
The soul must do its own immortal work;
The best beloved most distant are; the near
Far severed wide. Soul knows not soul;
Not more, than those unanswering stars divine.

God of these splendid stars! I need
Thy presence, need to know
That thou art God, my God indeed.
Shield me, mid thine innumerable worlds;
Give me some point, where I may rest,
While thy unceasing ages flow:
Hide me, from thine irradiated stars,
And the far sadder light, untraceable
Of human eyes, — for strangers are they all.
A wandering thought on the resistless air;
A questioning wail, o'er the unlistening sea.
Recal, Eternal Source! and reassume
In thine own essence, peace unutterable!

II.

A NIGHT of Stars!
Thick studded o'er the sky
From line of vision, vanishing high,
Into the far immensity,
To where the dark horizon bars
The earth-restricted eye.

Brilliantly serene,
In the near firmament,
The brighter planets beam;

While from the void supreme
The paler glories stream,
Making earth radiant,
As an angelic dream!

Athwart the gilded dome,
Sudden the meteor glides,
The gazer starts, lest doom
Of chance or change had come,
On that eternal home,
Whose still sublimity abides
Through ages come and gone.

The moon is fondly near,
Pale, watchful, mother-like,
She smileth on our cheer,
She husheth up the tear;
But with a holy fear,
These starry splendors strike
The distant worshipper.

Where mighty oceans sweep,
They shine afar,
Where softer rivers leap,
Where trickling fountains weep,
Where the still lakelets sleep,
Gleams back each star,
Like torches from the deep.

In rapturous mood,
Silent with clasping hands,
And earnest brow subdued,
The ancient Shepherd stood,
As night to night he viewed
These glory-clustered bands
In Heaven's vast solitude.

Borne on the mighty sway
Of thought, his spirit ran
O'er the resplendent way,
Leaping from ray to ray,
To uncreated day;
Then — 'what is man?'
He sang — 'the child of clay.'

A spirit answered,
Midst bursts of wavy light,
Meekly and glad he heard, —
Man is the Son, the Word,
The best beloved of God,
With glory crowned and might,
And stars are his abode.

NIGHT AND DAY.

"WHY finish it," exclaimed the sculptor, as he flung from him into a corner of the studio, his large chisel and heavy hammer; "why attempt to finish this figure of Day? The Day of Manhood has not yet broke."

And standing back, with folded arms, he gazed at the monstrous block, half hewn, upon which he had been dealing his prodigious strokes, splintering and chipping the marble, with an eye that never wavered, and a hand that never missed, the whole night through.

The lamp, hung in the roof of his studio, glared down upon the artist, and with broad light and shadow brought out in bold relief the expression of his grand head and face. Half a century of noble passions and stern will, of meditation and disappointment, of glorious plans, and constant toil, and rich experience, had inspirited with lines of feeling his massive countenance. It had the firmness of a mountain, the depth of a sea, and was eloquent in every feature with calm strength. As the light fell on the matted hair thrown backward, the wrinkled forehead, the hanging brow, beneath which shone liquid and bright the profoundly thoughtful eye, the wide-dilated nostril, the compressed mouth, half-hidden in the beard, that hung heavily beneath the chin, — on the broad chest, across which were grasped the arms, with tense and swelling muscles, and on the whole figure, that, pliant at once and sturdy, rose like a bronzed statue from the floor, he seemed an incarnation of Force.

It was Michael Angelo; and the form which he had been softening from stiff rock into vigorous life, was the famous Day, that now leans his colossal, half-wrought trunk and limbs upon the sarcophagus in the chapel of the Medici.

"Ay!" continued the sculptor, in his deep-muttered tones, "why finish it? Is it not now the fit symbol of humanity in this age of savage crime? Let it lie there, brawny and stiff with life's unmeaning drudgery, unsmoothed and rough. It were mockery to give it roundness and polish. Let the head, with its air of stubborn resolution, mutely look out upon the slaving field of time, with half-marked features, like a morning in the mist. Ready, though hopeless art thou, thou Samson! ready for care, andtoil,

and burdens. Work enough is there for thee, thou uncouth Hercules! labor, countless, to slay earth's monsters and cleanse her filth. Lie there, thou unborn angel! as a protest against a senseless, wretched, false, and wicked age. Man is not yet, nor man's beauty; what is he but a half-formed giant? The God, that is in thee, shall one day step forth in his young symmetry, to grace redeemed earth in an age of Truth, and Beauty, and Peace. Then shall it be Day."

"But now is it Night," murmured he, with a sense of pure, indignant greatness, as the thought of the corruptions of his time and land, of the luxurious idleness, and petty tyranny, and rotten hypocrisies of prelate and noble, of the vexatious obstacles cast by envy in the path of his brave endeavors, of the eight precious years wasted in the stone quarry, of the corruption and quarrel all around, and above all, of the crushed people of his loved Italy, came over him, "now is it Night."

And he turned to look at the female form, which, in rounded beauty, was sunk in sleep at the opposite end of the sarcophagus, — a sleep so profound, that it seemed as if the jar of elements contending could not rouse her.

"Wake not, wake not, beautiful one! In thy still heaven of dreams shine worlds of loveliness, whose light has never reached us here. There all is purity and joy and peaceful triumph of unchanging good. Far shine in mellow splendors the stars of that Eternity. Veiled are thy eyes, with their deep life; the music of thy hidden thoughts sounds not on our dull ears. Shadows of doubt brood over us; the groans of earth, like the voice of a sleep-walker amid phantom-fiends, drown the soft melodies of heaven. Wake not, oh, wake not."

The walls of the apartment seemed like a prison in his choking emotions, and dashing open the door, he plunged into the free air.

It was morning, cool, balmy morning. Softly up the deep, deep blue skies spread the golden flush; softly over the girdling Appenines, with their snowy peaks, mantled the rosy lustre; the waking earth was blushing to greet the sun. Far beneath in silver winding was his loved Arno; and on its banks swelled up into the flooding light, the stately Rome, the airy Campanile, the sombre tower of

the palace. Florence, his Florence, dear amid her errors, magnificent amid her woes, glittered before him in the valley, with her massive edifices and her shining walls. In her glory, had not a dawn already broken upon slumbering man? As the crowds of his prophets and sybils, the images of his Moses and his Christ, and the countless forms of embodied poems, yet sitting in silent dignity in the chambers of his mind, like princes prisoned in their own palace homes, rose up in memory, there came over his spirit a dim anticipation, like rays of breaking light, of the future greatness of the human race. The future greatness? Yes; and were not these very majestic presences reflections, in his grateful reverence, of the greatness of the Past now sunken? In the full prophecy of the hour he conceived his Morning and Twilight. Man had been once; man again should be. The darkness of the present fled away before the blending splendors of Ages gone and Ages coming.

U.

THE BLIND SEER.

From morn till night the old man sitteth still;
Deep quenched in darkness lie all earthly sights;
He hath not known since childhood swayed his will,
The outward shows of open-eyed delights.

But in an inner world of thought he liveth,
A pure deep realm of praise and lowly prayer,
Where faith from sight no pension e'er receiveth,
But groweth only from the All-True and Fair.

That Universal Soul, who is the being,
The reason and the heart of men on earth,
Shineth so broad o'er him, that though not seeing,
He walketh where the Morning hath its birth.

He travelleth where the upper springs flow on;
He heareth harmonies from angel choirs;
He seeth Uriel standing in the Sun;
He dwelleth up among the heavenly fires.

And yet he loveth, as we all do love,
To hear the restless hum of common life;
Though planted in the spirit-soil above,
His leaves and flowers do bud amid the strife

Of all this weary world, and shine more fair
Than sympathies which have no inward root,
Which open fast, but shrink in bleaker air,
And dropping leave behind no winter fruit.

But here are winter fruits and blossoms too;
Those silver hairs o'er bended shoulders curled,
That smile, that thought-filled brow, ope to the view
Some symbol of the old man's inner world.

O who would love this wondrous world of sense,
Though steeped in joy and ruled by Beauty's queen,
If it were purchased at the dear expense
Of losing all which souls like his have seen?

Nay, if we judged aright, this glorious All,
Which fills like thought our never-doubting eyes,
Might with its firm-built grandeur sink and fall
Before one ray of Soul-Realities.

C.

WHEAT SEED AND BOLTED FLOUR.

I.

Saints and Heroes! Alas! even so. Good people tell us we must try, *try*, try to be Saints and Heroes. So we cease to be men. We trim our native shrubs and trees into stiff ornaments for the convent garden, till the tassels hang no more upon their sprays, and the birds, who love to tilt upon elastic boughs, forsake us. In other words, to read the riddle, we destroy all naturalness, by seeking to be more than human, until every free and joyous impulse dies. Oh! kind heaven! Break in some tempest one twig away, and bear it to a shady nook, to grow as thou lovest.

II.

Spirit of the Age! Buzz, buzz! thou biggest humbug in the web of cant; buzz away, and free thyself, and carry off

the web. Why cannot our hearts, as in the good old time, open like flowers to drink in the noon of present existence? The root lies brown and shapeless beneath the soil; the blossom will wilt and crumble into dust; the sun of the hour will ripen the seed; some seasonable wind will shake it to the ground. Meanwhile, why not *live*? Oh! could we get these cobwebs of cant, which catch all the dews of refreshment that heaven sends, but fairly brushed from the calix.

III.

The soul lies buried in a ruined city, struggling to be free, and calling for aid. The worldly trafficker in life's caravan hears its cries, and says, it is a prisoned maniac. But one true man stops, and with painful toil lifts aside the crumbling fragments; till at last, he finds beneath the choking mass a mangled form of exceeding beauty. Dazzling is the light to eyes long blind; weak are the limbs long prisoned; faint is the breath long pent. But oh! that mantling blush, that liquid eye, that elastic spring of renovated strength. The deliverer is folded to the breast of an angel.

IV.

What are another's faults to me? I am no vulture, feeding on carrion. Let me seek only the good in others evermore, and be a bird of paradise, fed on fresh fruits and crystal waters.

V.

Disappointment, like a hammer, breaks the rough coating of custom to show the hidden pearl.

VI.

Oh Radical! why pull at the corner-stone of that old tower, where thy fathers lived, and which now, tottering to its fall, is only upheld by the vines which entwine it, like grateful memories. Leave it for the tempest to level. Oh Conservative! Seest thou not that my darling boy loves to hide in its galleries, and hunt the bat from his hiding place? Will he not be crushed one day by the falling ruin?

VII.

It is the day of burying the corpse, and "the mourners go about the streets." Let the friends of the family undisturbed perform the funeral rites. Gardens of seclusion are there, where the Young Band, who stand ready to welcome the Prince of a New Day, may twine their brows with budding garlands.

VIII.

How grandly simple was the faith of the Patriarchs. God was their *Friend*. Why should he not at even-tide sit at the tent-door? Had we but their unabashed confidence! Great is the buoyant joy of him, whom fear does not cripple. Yet higher, grander is the disinterestedness of the children of our day, who seek no peculiar friendship, who in simple self-forgetfulness would be One with the Eternal, by ceasing to be anything.

IX.

How ridiculous, to agitate these controversies. Oh debater! that meteor burst long ago, and already grass grows over the scattered splinters.

X.

We long for obscurity, for shade not from Nature's sun, but from Vanity's torches. Welcome the former! for in its warmth gladly, and ever fresh, expands the oak and sensitive plant alike; but far from us be the latter! for it blackens the boughs, and sickens the flowers with falling soot.

XI.

Psalmist! still thy bursting liturgies! Chorister, hush thy chant! Take not in vain the name of Jehovah. Longing heart! whisper not even "Father." Wonder in silent awe! Let the sands ever sparkle bright in the fountain of thy heart, through which well up the waters of life; be its brink ever sweet with fresh flowers.

XII.

There is no Past; there is no Future. *Now* alone is. The Past is the circulating sap; the Future is the folded petal. Now is the Life; and God is now; and now is God. And what meanest thou, O irreverent one, by this?

Why ruffle with this sand of sophistry the calm depth of All? Believe only in that Being of beings! Wonder still!

XIII.

Fierce, intellectual enthusiasm, like Phæton, burns dry the flowery earth of common affections. Bathe in the twilight of earlier thought, and in the flooding lustres of the coming day; drink in the warmth and glory of experience's noon. But mount not the sun, in thy wild philosophy. The day, as it passes, gives light enough.

XIV.

Hard is it to avoid uttering Cant. It is a sort of rag currency, once a sign of bullion; but giving promises to pay now from empty coffers. Not that one wishes to be false; but it is so much easier to utter common places, which pass in the market, than to melt and stamp with clear values the ore of our experience.

XV.

Marvellous is the power of all that is vitally true. Its influence is so large, and deep, and still, that we cannot put it into thoughts. We can no more break up into distinct ideas the abiding impression of a friend's mind upon us, than we can parcel out and bottle up and label the sunlight.

XVI.

The passion for notoriety sows itself like the misletoe on lofty trees, and with its hardy greenness saps their strength. Then Enthusiasm changes into Fanaticism. A mind grandly simple is a miracle. No wonder that a star hung over Bethlehem.

XVII.

Religion is Philosophy expressed in a synthetic form. Philosophy is Religion expressed in an analytic form. The former is a cavern in a quarry; the latter is a mass of blocks ready for the mason. Happy will be the age when an Orpheus comes to rear these mighty masses into a temple beneath the sunlight, more beautiful than the sacred cave.

XVIII.

The burden of the Past makes us skeptics. Fear clings

to us, like a drowning man, to drag us beneath the flood. Our own meannesses, like wet garments, check the free stroke of the swimmer's arm. Worse still! the precious coin of past creeds, which we dare not cast from us, sinks us to the bottom.

XIX.

We are such poor specimens of men, that we dare not be *pious*. No wonder the Persian climbed the mountain, in the early morning, to worship the sun. Only in lonely thought, in simplicity as of youth, can we see God's brightness. How mysterious, that we know him as God best, when we think of him as God least. Amen. Hush and worship in the constant sacrifice of a grateful alacrity, a humble willingness, a trust turning ever towards his beams, as flowers seek the sun.

XX.

Oh man of many thoughts and a dusty heart. Talk not, preach not! Thy crop is scarcely large enough to give seed-corn for a coming spring; grind it not into meal. Bury thy thoughts in the soil of common life; and may the soft rains and gentle dews of daily kindness quicken them to a richer harvest.

T. T.

SONG.

Like seas flashing in caves
  Where stalactites gleam,
Like the sparkling of waves
  Where Northern lights beam;
Like the swift drops that fall
  Where the sun brightly shines,
Like a clear crystal hall
  Amid clustering vines;
Like emerald leaves
  All transparent with light,
Where the summer breeze weaves
  Its song of delight,
Like wild flickering dreams,
  Is the light which lies,
Which flashes and beams
  In Angela's eyes.

Like ripples slow circling
Where a stone has been thrown,
Like a sunny spring gushing
In a meadow alone;
Like a fair sea-girt isle
All blooming with flowers,
Is the joy of her smile
In our wild-wood bowers.

Deep as the sea,
As the voice of the night,
Lofty and free
As the vast dome of light,
Are the thoughts which live
In the soul of this being,
To her God did give
The true power of seeing.
Comprehending by love
What love did create,
She seeks not above
Like one weary of fate,
And longing to see
A bright world to come,
Where'er she may be
Is her beautiful home.

NEED OF A DIVER.

"Far o'er the track of dreary, stormy ages,
Kind winds one blossom wafted from the tree
Of life that grew in Eden, and this, cast
Into their garden, made it what you see,
A bloom upon the face of hard Necessity." — MS.

The Phœnix darted on glittering wing in quest of our earth. For an Angel had placed in his beak a kernel from the fruit of the tree of Life, and said, Not far from the sun of yonder system is one poor world, where this tree is not known. Its inhabitants deck themselves with blooms that wither, they feed on fruits that never satisfy. Feeding they famish, living they die. Many among them are too degraded even to dream of a better life. But there are others who, with sweet laments that pierce the skies, accuse their destiny, and call upon an ineffable love

to answer their continually balked desires. These are called, in the language of their world, Poets. Of late, passing near it, I was arrested by the music one of them was drawing from an ivory lute. I hovered nearer and nearer; he seemed to feel my approach, for his music grew to more imploring sweetness. But as I was about to descend and embrace him, he drew from the chords some full notes of triumph, drooped his head, and died.

I shall never forget the fair, sad picture. He sat beneath a noble oak, and had bound his head with a chaplet of its leaves. His feet were bare and bleeding; his robes, once of shining white, all torn and travel-stained. His face was still beautiful; the brow calmly noble; but over the cheeks many tears had flowed; they were wan, thin, and marked by the woes of earth. His head leaned forward on the ivory lute, from which drooped a chaplet of faded roses and broken laurel leaves.

I saw that he had been so wasted by famine, that the approach of sympathy was too much for his frail frame. I tasted the springs round about; every one was brackish. I broke the fruit from the trees, and its very touch put fever in the veins. Then I wept my first tears for the perished nightingale; and flew to bring some balsam for this suffering race.

I may not return, for not oftener than once in a hundred years is it permitted one of our order to visit this sorrowful sphere. But thou, my bird, who, like the aloe and the amaranth, art a link between it and us, do thou carry this kernel and plant among them one germ of true life. It is the kernel of the fruit which satisfied my thirst for all eternity, and if thou canst plant it on earth, will produce a tree large enough for the whole race.

Swift sped the golden wing on this best mission. But where to plant the kernel! It needed a rich soil, and the mountains were too cold; a virgin soil, and neither plain nor valley had kept themselves unprofaned, but brought forth weeds and poison as well as herbs and flowers. Even the desert sands had not forborne, but cheated the loneliness with flowers of gaudy colors, but which crumbled at the touch.

The Phœnix flew from region to region, till even his strong wings were wearied. He could not rest, for if he

pauses on the earth he dies. At last he saw amid a wide sea a little island, with not a blade of vegetation on it. He dropt here the kernel, and took refuge as swiftly as possible in another sphere.

Ah, too hasty Phœnix! He thought the island a volcanic birth, but it was the stony work of the coral insects, and as yet without fertility. The wind blew the precious seed into the sea.

There it lies, still instinct with divine life, for this is indestructible. But unless some being arise, bold enough to dive for it amid the secret caves of the deep sea, and wise enough to find a proper soil in which to plant it when recovered, it is lost to the human race forever. And when shall we have another Poet able to call down another Angel, since He died of his love, and even the ivory lute is broken.

CLOUDS.

Ye clouds! — the very vagaries of grace
So wild and startling, fanciful and strange,
And changing momently, yet pure and true,
Distorted never, marring beauty's mould:
But now, — ye lay a mass, a heaped up mass
Of interwoven beams, blue, rose, and green,
Not blended, but infused in one soft hue,
That yet has found no name. A sudden thrill,
A low, sweet thrill of motion stirred the air,
Perhaps a tremor of self-conscious joy,
That the contiguous breezes, moving slow,
Transmitted each to each: — instant as thought,
Yet imperceptibly, your form dissolved
Into a curtain of so fine a stain,
The young sky-spirits, that behind it clung,
Betrayed their glancing shapes: a moment more,
Solid and steep and piled like earthly mount,
With juts for climber's foot, upholding firm,
And long smooth top, where he may gladly fling
His palpitating form, and proudly gaze
Upon a world below, and humbly up,
For Heaven is still beyond.
Stretches now
The gathering darkness on the silent West,

Smooth-edged yet tapering off in gloomy point,
With that long line of sultry red beneath,
As if its tightly vested bosom bore
The lightning close concealed.
Ye fair and soft and ever varying Clouds!
Where in your golden circuit, find ye out
The Armory of Heaven, rifling thence
Its gleaming swords? — Ye tearful Clouds!
Feminine ever, light or dark or grim,
I fear ye not, I wonder and admire,
And gladly would I charter this soft wind,
That now is here, and now will undulate
Your yielding lines, to bear me softly hence,
That I might stand upon that golden edge,
And bathe my brow in that delicious gloom,
And leaning, gaze into the sudden gap
From whence the Lightning passes!

Night has come, and the bright eyes of stars,
And the voice-gifted wind, and severed wide,
Ye flee, like startled spirits, through the sky
Over and over to the mighty North,
Returnless race, forgetting and forgot
Of that red, western cradle whence ye sprung!

As wild, as fitful, is the gathering mass
Of this eventful world, — enlarging heaps
Of care and joy and grief we christen Life.
Like these, they shine full oft in green and gold,
Or brightly ravishing foam: — utterly fond,
We seek repose, confiding on their breast,
And lo, they sink and sink, most noiseless sink,
And leave us in the arms of nothingness.
Like these, they pass, in ever-varying form,
As glancing angels, or assassin grim,
Sharp-gleaming daggers, 'neath concealing garb!

Might we but dwell within the upper Heaven!
In the immensity of soul, — the realm
Of stars serene, and suns and cloudless moons,
Ranging delighted, while far down below
The Atmosphere of life concocts its shapes
Evil or beautiful, and smile on all,
As gorgeous pictures spread beneath the feet.

Oh Thou, supreme infinitude of Thought!
Thou, who art height and depth! whither is Life,
And what are we, but vanishing shadows all
O'er the eternal ocean of thy Being!
It is thy will, the sunbeam of thy will
That perviates and modifies the air
Of mortal life, in which the spirit dwells:
Thou congregatest these joys and hopes and griefs,
In thee they beam or gloom. Eternal Sun!

Let them not come between my soul and thee;
Let me rejoice in thy o'erflooding light,
Fill up my being's urn, until a Star,
Once kindled, ne'er extinct, my soul may burn
In the pure light of an excelling love,
Giving out rays, as lavishly as given!

"THE FUTURE IS BETTER THAN THE PAST."

Not where long-passed ages sleep,
Seek we Eden's golden trees,
In the future, folded deep,
Are its mystic harmonies.

All before us lies the way,
Give the past unto the wind;
All before us is the Day,
Night and darkness are behind.

Eden with its angels bold,
Love and flowers and coolest sea,
Is not ancient story told,
But a glowing prophecy.

In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care
The real Eden we shall find.

It is coming, it shall come,
To the patient and the striving,
To the quiet heart at home,
Thinking wise and faithful living.

When all error is worked out,
From the heart and from the life;
When the Sensuous is laid low,
Through the Spirit's holy strife;

When the Soul to Sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound;
Then all earth is sanctified,
Upsprings Paradise around.

Then shall come the Eden days,
Guardian watch from Seraph-eyes;
Angels on the slanting rays,
Voices from the opening skies.

From this spirit-land, afar,
All disturbing force shall flee;
Stir nor toil nor hope shall mar
Its immortal unity.

AUGUST SHOWER.

The gladsome music of the shower!
The hasting, tripping, mingling sound,
Above, beneath me, all around,
On bank and tree and flower.

The rose lifts up its lip serene,
The insect's still, that restless thing,
He makes no noise, he stirs no wing,
So fresh he grows and clean.

The branches thrill and drip and bow,
Luxurious to the air;
How green they look, how sweet and fair
They gladly seem to know.

And still it pours, the welcome rain
Far down its rivers creep,
The very roots are bathing deep
The fainting roots of grain.

Yet more! exhaustless 't is, as Love,
The bladed grass is full,
The pebble-stones are beautiful,
So cool and wet above!

A pause, — again, — it 's almost past,
The flowers seem to think,
As gasping eagerly, they drink
The fresh, the sweet, the last.

The Earth is like recovered child,
Heeding not, how an hour ago
It panting lay and faint and low,
So glad it is and wild.

The lighted West! Oh God of Love!
Below, in silvery streams,
Like to Aurora's softest beams,
While gold bursts out above!

THE PHARISEES.

If we may trust the statement of grave philosophers, who have devoted their lives to Science, and given proofs of what they affirm, which are manifest to the senses, as well as evident to the understanding, there were once, in very distant ages, classes of monsters on the earth, which differed, in many respects, from any animals now on its surface. They find the bones of these animals "under the bottom of the monstrous world," or imbedded in masses of stone, which have since formed over them. They discover the footprints, also, of these monstrous creatures, in what was once soft clay, but has since become hard stone, and so has preserved these traces for many a thousand years. These creatures gradually became scarce, and at last disappeared entirely from the face of the earth, while nobler races grew up and took their place. The relics of these monsters are gathered together by the curious. They excite the wonder of old men and little girls, of the sage and the clown.

Now there was an analogous class of moral monsters in old time. They began quite early, though no one knows who was the first of the race. They have left their footprints all over the civilized globe, in the mould of institutions, laws, politics, and religions, which were once pliant, but have since become petrified in the ages, so that they seem likely to preserve these marks for many centuries to come. The relics of these moral monsters are preserved for our times in the histories and institutions of past ages. But they excite no astonishment, when discovered, because, while the sauri of gigantic size, the mammoth and the mastodon, are quite extinct, the last of the Pharisees has not yet been seen, but his race is vigorous and flourishing now as of old time. Specimens of this monster are by no means rare. They are found living in all countries, and in every walk of life. We do not search for them in the halls of a museum, or the cabinets of the curious, but every man has seen a Pharisee going at large on the earth. The race, it seems, began early. The Pharisees are of ancient blood; some tracing their genealogy to the great Father of Lies himself. However this may be, it is certain, we find them

well known in very ancient times. Moses encountered them in Egypt. They counterfeited his wonders, so the legend relates, and "did so with their enchantments." They followed him into the desert, and their gold thrown into the fire, by the merest accident, came out in the shape of an idol. Jealous of the honor of Moses, they begged him to silence Eldad and Medad, on whom the spirit of the Lord rested, saying; "Lord Moses rebuke them." They troubled the Messiah in a later day; they tempted him with a penny; sought to entangle him in his talk; strove to catch him, feigning themselves just men. They took counsel to slay him soon as they found cunning of no avail. If one was touched to the heart by true words — which, though rare, once happened, — he came by night to that great prophet of God, through fear of his fellow Pharisees. They could boast, that no one of their number had ever believed on the Saviour of the nations, — because his doctrine was a new thing. If a blind man was healed, they put him out of the synagogue, because his eyes were opened, and as he confessed by the new Teacher. They bribed one of his avaricious followers to betray him with a kiss, and at last put to death the noblest of all the Sons of God, who had but just opened the burthen of his mission. Yet they took care, — those precious philanthropists, — not to defile themselves by entering the judgment hall, with a pagan. When that spirit rose again, they hired the guard to tell a lie, and say, "His disciples came by night, and stole the body, while we slept."

This race of men troubled Moses, stoned the prophets, crucified the Saviour, and persecuted the apostles. They entered the Christian Church soon as it became popular and fashionable. Then they bound the yoke of Jewish tradition on true men's necks, and burned with fire, and blasted with anathemas such as shook it off, walking free and upright, like men. This same race is alive, and by no means extinct, or likely soon to be so.

It requires but few words to tell what makes up the sum of the Pharisee. He is at the bottom a man like other men, made for whatever is high and divine. God has not curtailed him of a man's birthright. He has in him the elements of a Moses or a Messiah. But his aim is to SEEM good and excellent; not to BE good and excellent. He

wishes, therefore, to have all of goodness and religion except goodness and religion itself. Doubtless, he would accept these also, were they to be had for the asking, and cost nothing to keep, but he will not pay the price. So he would make a covenant with God and the devil, with Righteousness and Sin, and keep on good terms with both. He would unite the two worlds of Salvation and Iniquity, having the appearance of the one, and the reality of the other. He would work in deceit and wickedness, and yet appear to men with clean hands. He will pray in one direction, and yet live in just the opposite way, and thus attempt, as it were, to blind the eyes, and cheat the justice of all-knowing God. He may be defined, in one sentence, as the circumstances of a good man, after the good man has left them. Such is the sum of the Pharisee in all ages and nations, variously modified by the customs and climate of the place he happens to dwell in, just as the rabbit is white in winter, and brown in summer, but is still the same rabbit, its complexion only altered to suit the color of the ground.

The Jewish Pharisees began with an honest man, who has given name to the class, as some say. He was moral and religious, a lover of man and God. He saw through the follies of his time, and rose above them. He felt the evils that oppress poor mortal man, and sought to remove them. But it often happens that a form is held up, after its spirit has departed, and a name survives, while the reality which bore this name is gone forever. Just as they keep at Vienna the crown and sword of a giant king, though for some centuries no head has been found large enough to wear the crown, no hand of strength to wield the sword, and their present owner is both imbecile and diminutive. So it was in this case. The subsequent races of Pharisees cherished the form, after the spirit had left it, clinging all the closer because they knew there was nothing in it, and feared, if they relaxed their hold, it would collapse through its emptiness, or blow away and be lost, leaving them to the justice of God and the vengeance of men they had mocked at and insulted. In Christ's time, the Pharisee professed to reverence the law of Moses, but contrived to escape its excellent spirit. He loved the Letter, but he shunned the Law. He could pay tithes of his mint,

anise, and cummin, which the law of Moses did not ask for, and omit mercy, justice, and truth, which both that and the law of God demanded. He could not kindle a fire, nor pluck an ear of corn on the Sabbath, though so cold and hungry, that he thought of nothing but his pains, and looked for the day to end. He could not eat bread without going through the ceremony of lustration. He could pray long and loud, where he was sure to be heard, at the corners of the streets, and give alms in the public places, to gain the name of devout, charitable, or munificent, while he devoured widow's houses or the inheritance of orphans in private, and his inward part was full of ravening and wickedness.

There are two things, which pass for religion in two different places. The first is, the love of what is Right, Good, and Lovely, the love of man, the love of God. This is the religion of the New Testament, of Jesus Christ; it leads to a divine life, and passes for religion before the pure eyes of that Father of all, who made us, and the stars over our heads. The other is a mere belief in certain doctrines, which may be true or false, a compliance with certain forms, either beautiful or ludicrous. It does not demand a love of what is right, good, and lovely, a love of man or God. Still less does it ask for a life in conformity with such sentiments. This passes for religion in the world, in king's courts, and in councils of the Church, from the council at Nice to the synod at Dort. The first is a vital religion; a religion of life. The other is a theological religion; a religion of death; or rather, it is no religion at all; all of religion, but religion itself. It often gets into the place of religion, just as the lizard may get into the place of the lion, when he is out, and no doubt sets up to be lion for the time, and attempts a roar. The one is the religion of men, and the best men that have ever lived in all ages and countries; the other is the religion of Pharisees, and the worst men in all ages and in all countries.

This race of men, it has been said, is not yet exhausted. They are as numerous as in John the Baptist's time, and quite as troublesome. Now as then, they prefer the praise of men to the praise of God; which means they would rather SEEM good, at small cost, than take the pains to BE

good. They oppose all reforms as they opposed the Messiah. They traduce the best of men, especially such as are true to Conscience, and live out their thought. They persecute men sent on God's high errand of mercy and love. Which of the prophets have they not stoned? They build the tombs of deceased reformers, whom they would calumniate and destroy, were they now living and at work. They can wear a cross of gold on their bosom, "which Jews might kiss and infidels adore." But had they lived in the days of Pilate, they would have nailed the Son of God to a cross of wood, and now crucify him afresh, and put him to an open shame. These Pharisees may be found in all ranks of life; in the front and the rear; among the radicals and the conservatives, the rich and the poor. Though the Pharisees are the same in nature, differing only superficially, they may yet be conveniently divided into several classes, following some prominent features.

THE PHARISEE OF THE FIRESIDE. He is the man, who at home professes to do all for the comfort and convenience of his family, his wife, his children, his friends; yet at the same time does all for his own comfort and convenience. He hired his servants, only to keep them from the almshouse. He works them hard, lest they have too much spare time, and grow indolent. He provides penuriously for them, lest they contract extravagant habits. Whatever gratification he gives himself, he does entirely for others. Does he go to a neighboring place to do some important errands for himself, and a trifle for his friend, the journey was undertaken solely on his friend's account. Is he a husband, he is always talking of the sacrifice he makes for his wife, who yet never knows when it is made, and if he had love, there would be no sacrifice. Is he a father, he tells his children of his self-denial for their sake, while they find the self-denial is all on their side, and if he loved them self-denial would be a pleasure. He speaks of his great affection for them, which, if he felt, it would show itself, and never need be spoken of. He tells of the heavy burdens borne for their sake, while, if they were thus borne, they would not be accounted burdens, nor felt as heavy. But this kind of Pharisee, though more common than we sometimes fancy, is yet the rarest species. Most men drop

the cloak of hypocrisy, when they enter their home, and seem what they are. Of them, therefore, no more need be spoken.

THE PHARISEE OF THE PRINTING PRESS. The Pharisee of this stamp is a sleek man, who edits a newspaper. His care is never to say a word offensive to the orthodox ears of his own coterie. His aim is to follow in the wake of public opinion, and utter, from time to time, his oracular generalities, so that whether the course be prosperous or unsuccessful, he may seem to have predicted it. If he must sometimes speak of a new measure, whose fate is doubtful with the people, no one knows whether he would favor or reject it. So equally do his arguments balance one another. Never was prophecy more clearly inspired and impersonal. He cannot himself tell what his prediction meant until it is fulfilled. "If Crœsus crosses the Halys, he shall destroy a great empire," thunders the Pharisee from his editorial corner, but takes care not to tell whether Persia or Lydia shall come to the ground. Suggest a doubt, that he ever opposed a measure, which has since become popular, he will prove you the contrary, and his words really have that meaning, though none suspected it at the time, and he, least of all. In his, as in all predictions, there is a double sense. If he would abuse a man or an institution, which is somewhat respectable, and against which he has a private grudge, he inserts most calumnious articles in the shape of a "communication," declaring at the same time his "columns are open to all." He attacks an innocent man, soon as he is unpopular; but gives him no chance to reply, though in never so Christian a spirit. Let a distinguished man censure one comparatively unknown, he would be very glad to insert the injured man's defence, but is prevented by "a press of political matter," or "a press of foreign matter," till the day of reply has passed. Let an humble scholar send a well written article for his journal, which does not square with the notions of the coterie; it is returned with insult added to the wrong, and an "editorial" appears putting the public on its guard against such as hold the obnoxious opinions, calling them knaves, and fools, or what is more taking with the public at this moment, when the majority are so very faithful, and religious,

"infidels" and "atheists." The aim of this man is to please his party, and seem fair. Send him a paper, reflecting on the measures or the men of that party, he tells you it would do no good to insert it, though ably written. He tells his wife the story, adding that he must have meat and drink, and the article would have cost a "subscriber." He begins by loving his party better than mankind; he goes on by loving their opinions more than truth, and ends by loving his own interest better than that of his party. He might be painted as a man sitting astride a fence, which divided two inclosures, with his hands thrust into his pockets. As men come into one or the other inclosure, he bows obsequiously, and smiles; bowing lowest and smiling sweetest to the most distinguished person. When the people have chosen their place, he comes down from "that bad eminence," to the side where the majority are assembled, and will prove to your teeth, that he had always stood on that side, and was never on the fence, except to reconnoitre the enemy's position.

The Pharisee of the Street. He is the smooth sharper, who cheats you in the name of honor. He wears a sanctimonious face, and plies a smooth tongue. His words are rosemary and marjoram for sweetness. To hear him lament at the sins practised in business, you would take him for the most honest of men. Are you to trade with him, he expresses a great desire to serve you; talks much of the subject of honor; honor between buyer and seller; honor among tradesmen; honor among thieves. He is full of regrets, that the world has become so wicked; wonders that any one can find temptation to defraud, and belongs to a society for the suppression of shoplifting, or some similar offence he is in no danger of committing, and so

> "Compounds for sins he is inclined to,
> By damning those he has no mind to."

Does this Pharisee meet a philanthropist, he is full of plans to improve society, and knows of some little evil, never heard of before, which he wishes to correct in a distant part of the land. Does he encounter a religious man, he is ready to build a church if it could be built of words, and grows eloquent, talking of the goodness of God and the sin of the world, and

has a plan for evangelizing the cannibals of New Zealand, and christianizing, forsooth, the natives of China, for he thinks it hard they should "continue heathens, and so be lost." Does he overtake a lady of affluence and refinement, there are no limits to his respect for the female sex; no bounds to his politeness; no pains too great for him, to serve her. But let him overtake a poor woman of a rainy day, in a lonely road, who really needs his courtesy, he will not lend her his arm or his umbrella, for all his devotion to the female sex. He thinks teachers are not sufficiently paid, but teazes a needy young man to take his son to school a little under price, and disputes the bill when rendered. He knows that a young man of fortune lives secretly in the most flagrant debauchery. Our Pharisee treats him with all conceivable courtesy, defends him from small rumors; but when the iniquity is once made public, he is the very loudest in his condemnation, and wonders any one could excuse him. This man will be haughty to his equals, and arrogant to those he deems below him. With all his plans for christianizing China and New Zealand, he takes no pains to instruct and christianize his own family. In spite of his sorrow for the wickedness of the world, and his zeal for the suppression of vice, he can tell the truth so as to deceive, and utter a lie so smoothly, that none suspects it to be untrue. Is he to sell you an article, its obvious faults are explained away, and its secret ones concealed still deeper. Is he to purchase, he finds a score of defects, which he knows exist but in his lying words. When the bargain is made, he tells his fellow Pharisee how adroitly he deceived, and how great are his gains. This man is fulfilled of emptiness. Yet he is suffered to walk the earth, and eat and drink and look upon the sun, all hollow as he is.

The Pharisee of Politics. This, also, is a numerous class. He makes great professions of honesty; thinks the country is like to be ruined by want of integrity in high places, and, perhaps, it is so. For his part, he thinks simple honesty, the doing of what one knows to be right, is better than political experience, of which he claims but little; more safe than the eagle eye of statesman-like sagacity, which sees events in their causes, and can apply the experience of many centuries to show the action of a par-

ticular measure, a sagacity that he cannot pretend to. This Pharisee of Politics, when he is out of place, thinks much evil is likely to befal us from the office-holders, enemies of the people; if he is in place from the office-wanters, most pestilent fellows! Just before the election, this precious Pharisee is seized with a great concern lest the people be deceived, the dear people, whom he loves with such vast affection. No distance is too great for him to travel; no stormy night, too stormy for him, that he may utter his word in season. Yet all the while he loves the people but as the cat her prey, which she charms with her look of demure innocence, her velvet skin and glittering eyes, till she has seized it in her teeth, and then condescends to sport with its tortures, sharpening her appetite, and teazing it to death. There is a large body of men in all political parties,

"who sigh and groan
For public good, and mean their own."

It has always been so, and will always continue so, till men and women become Christian, and then, as pagan Plato tells us, the best and wisest men will take high offices cheerfully, because they involve the most irksome duties of the citizen. The Pharisee of Politics is all things to all men, (though in a sense somewhat different from the Apostle, perhaps,) that he may, by any means, gain some to his side. Does he meet a reformer, he has a plan for improving and finishing off the world quite suddenly. Does he fall in with a conservative, our only strength is to stand still. Is he speaking with a wise friend of the people, he would give every poor boy and girl the best education the state could afford, making monopoly of wisdom out of the question. Does he talk with the selfish man of a clique, who cares only for the person, girded with his belt; he thinks seven eighths of the people, including all of the working class, must be left in ignorance beyond hope; as if God made one man all Head, and the other all Hands. Does he meet a Unitarian, the Pharisee signs no creed, and always believed the Unity; with a Calvinist, he is so Trinitarian he wishes there were four persons in the Godhead to give his faith a test the more difficult. Let the majority of voters, or a third party, who can turn the election, ask him to pledge himself to a particular measure, this lover of the people is

ready, their "obedient servant," whether it be to make property out of paper, or merchandise of men. The voice of his electors is to him not the voice of God, which might be misunderstood, but God himself. But when his object is reached, and the place secure, you shall see the demon of ambition, that possesses the man, come out into action. This man can stand in the hall of the nation's wisdom, with the Declaration of Independence in one hand, and the Bible, the great charter of freedom, in the other, and justify, — not excuse, palliate, and account for, — but JUSTIFY, the greatest wrong man can inflict on man, and attempt to sanction Slavery, quoting chapter and verse from the New Testament, and do it as our fathers fought, in the name of "God and their country." He can stand in the centre of a free land, his mouth up to the level of Mason and Dixon's line, and pour forth his eloquent lies, all freedom above the mark, but all slavery below it. He can cry out for the dear people, till they think some man of wealth and power watches to destroy them, while he wants authority; but when he has it, ask him to favor the cause of Humanity; ask him to aid those few hands, which would take hold of the poor man's son in his cabin and give him an education worthy of a man, a free man; ask him to help those few souls of great faith, who perfume Heaven's ear with their prayers, and consume their own hearts on the altar, while kindling the reluctant sacrifice for other hearts, so slow to beat; ask him to aid the noblest interests of man, and help bring the kingdom of Heaven here in New England, — and where is he? Why, the bubble of a man has blown away. If you could cast his character into a melting pot, as chemists do their drugs, and apply suitable tests to separate part from part, and so analyze the man, you would find a little Wit, and less Wisdom; a thimble-full of common sense, worn in the fore part of his head, and so ready for use at a moment's call; a conscience made up of maxims of expediency and worldly thrift, which conscience he wore on his sleeve to swear by when it might serve his turn. You would find a little knowledge of history to make use of on the Fourth of July and election days; a conviction that there was a selfish principle in man, which might be made active; a large amount of animal cunning, selfishness, and ambition, all worn very bright by constant

use. Down further still in the crucible would be a shapeless lump of faculties he had never used, which, on examination, would contain Manliness, Justice, Integrity, Honor, Religion, Love, and whatever else that makes man Divine and Immortal. Such is the inventory of this thing which so many worship, and so many would be. Let it also pass to its reward.

The Pharisee of the Church. There was a time when he, who called himself a Christian, took as it were the Prophet's vow, and Toil and Danger dogged his steps; Poverty came like a Giant upon him, and Death looked ugly at him through the casement as he sat down with his wife and babes. Then to be called a Christian, was to be a man; to pray prayers of great resolution, and to live in the Kingdom of Heaven. Now it means only to be a Protestant, or a Catholic; to believe with the Unitarians, or the Calvinists. We have lost the right names of things. The Pharisee of the Church has a religion for Sunday, but none for the week. He believes all the true things and absurd things ever taught by popular teachers of his sect. To him the Old Testament and the new Testament are just the same,—and the Apocrypha he never reads,—Books to be worshipped and sworn by. He believes most entirely in the Law of Moses and the Gospel of the Messiah, which annuls that Law. They are both "translated out of the original tongues, and appointed to be read in churches." Of course he practises one just as much as the other. His Belief has cost him so much he does nothing but believe; never dreams of living his belief. He has a Religion for Sunday, and a face for Sunday, and Sunday books, and Sunday talk, and just as he lays aside his Sunday coat, so he puts by his talk, his books, his face, and his Religion. They would be profaned if used on a week day. He can sit in his pew of a Sunday—wood sitting upon wood—with the demurest countenance, and never dream the words of Isaiah, Paul, and Jesus, which are read him, came out of the serene deeps of the soul that is fulfilled of a divine life, and are designed to reach such deeps in other souls, and will reach them if they also live nobly. He can call himself a Christian, and never do anything to bless or comfort his neighbor. The

poor pass and never raise an eye to that impenetrable face. He can hear sermons and pay for sermons that denounce the sin he daily commits, and think he atones for the sin by paying for the sermon. His Sunday prayers are beautiful, out of the Psalms and the Gospels, but his weekly life, what has it to do with his prayer? How confounded would he be if Heaven should take him in earnest, and grant his request! He would pray that God's name be hallowed, while his life is blasphemy against Him. He can say "thy kingdom come," when if it should come, he would wither up at the sight of so much majesty. The kingdom of God is in the Hearts of men; does he wish it there, in his own heart? He prays "thy will be done," yet never sets a foot forward to do it, nor means to set a foot forward. His only true petition is for daily bread, and this he utters falsely, for all men are included in the true petition, and he asks only for himself. When he says "forgive us as we forgive," he imprecates a curse on himself, most burning and dreadful; for when did he give or forgive? The only "evil" he prays to be delivered from is worldly trouble. He does not wish to be saved from avarice, peevishness, passion, from false lips, a wicked heart, and a life mean and dastardly. He can send Bibles to the Heathen on the deck of his ship, and rum, gunpowder, and cast-iron muskets in the hold. The aim of this man is to get the most out of his fellow mortals, and to do the least for them, at the same time keeping up the phenomena of Goodness and Religion. To speak somewhat figuratively, he would pursue a wicked calling in a plausible way, under the very windows of Heaven, at intervals singing hymns to God, while he debased his image; contriving always to keep so near the walls of the New Jerusalem, that when the destroying flood swept by, he might scramble in at a window, booted and spurred to ride over men, wearing his Sunday face, with his Bible in his hand, to put the Saviour to the blush, and out-front the justice of all-mighty God. But let him pass also; he has his reward. Sentence is pronounced against all that is false. The Publicans and the Harlots enter into the kingdom of God before that man.

THE PHARISEE OF THE PULPIT. The Scribes and

Pharisees sat once in Moses' seat; now they go farther up and sit in the seat of the Messiah. The Pharisee of the Pulpit is worse than any other class, for he has the faults of all the rest, and is set in a place where even the slightest tarnish of human frailty is a disgrace, all the more disgraceful because contrasted with the spotless vestments of that loftiest spirit that has bestrode the ages, and stands still before us as the highest Ideal ever realized on the Earth, — the measure of a perfect man. If the Gold rust, what shall the Iron do? The fundamental sin of the Pharisee of the Pulpit is this. He keeps up the Form, come what will come of the Substance. So he embraces the form when the substance is gone forever. He might be represented in painting as a man, his hands filled with husks, from which the corn had long ago been shelled off, carried away and planted, and had now grown up under God's blessing, produced its thirty, or its hundred-fold, and stands ripe for the reaper, waiting the sickle, while hungering crowds come up escaping from shipwreck, or wanderings in the desert of Sin, and ask an alms, he gives them a husk — only a husk; nothing but a husk. "The hungry flock look up and are not fed," while he blasts with the curses of his church all such as would guide the needy to those fields where there is bread enough and to spare. He wonders at "the perverseness of the age," that will no longer be fed with chaff and husks. He has seen but a single pillar of God's Temple, and thinking that is the whole, condemns all such as take delight in its beautiful porches, its many mansions, and most holy place. So the fly, who had seen but a nail-head on the dome of St. Peter's, condemned the Swallow who flew along its solemn vault, and told the wonders she had seen. Our Pharisee is resolved, God willing, or God not willing, to keep up the form, so he would get into a false position should he dare to think. His thought might not agree with the form, and since he loves the dream of his fathers better than God's Truth, he forbids all progress in the form. So he begins by not preaching what he believes, and soon comes to preach what he believes not. These are the men who boast they have Abraham to their father, yet, as it has been said, they come of a quite different stock, which also is Ancient and of great renown.

The Pharisee's faith is in the letter, not the spirit. Doubt in his presence that the Book of Chronicles and the Book of Kings are not perfectly inspired and infallibly true on those very points where they are exactly opposite; doubt that the Infinite God inspired David to denounce his enemies, Peter to slay Ananias, Paul to predict events that never came to pass, and Matthew and Luke, John and Mark, to make historical statements, which can never be reconciled, and he sets you down as an infidel, though you keep all the commandments from your youth up, lack nothing, and live as John and Paul prayed they might live. With him the unpardonable sin is to doubt that ecclesiastical doctrine to be true, which Reason revolts at, and Conscience and Faith spurn off with loathing. With him the Jews are more than the human race. The Bible is his Master, and not his Friend. He would not that you should take its poems as its authors took them; nor its narratives for what they are worth, as you take others. He will not allow you to accept the Life of Christianity; but you must have its letter also, of which Paul and Jesus said not a word. If you would drink the water of life, you must take likewise the mud it has been filtered through, and drink out of an orthodox urn. You must shut up Reason, Conscience, and Common Sense, when you come to those Books which above all others came out of this triple fountain. To those Books he limits divine inspiration, and in his modesty has looked so deep into the counsels of God, that he knows the live coal of Inspiration has touched no lips but Jewish. No! nor never shall. Does the Pharisee do this from true reverence for the Word of God, which was in the beginning, which is Life, and which lighteth every man that cometh into the world? Let others judge. But there is a blindness of the heart, to which the fabled darkness of Egypt was noon-day light. That is not the worst skepticism which, with the Sadducee, denies both angel and resurrection; but that which denies man the right to think, to doubt, to conclude; which hopes no light save from the ashes of the past, and would hide God's truth from the world with the flap of its long robe. We come at Truth only by faithful thought, reflection, and contemplation, when the long flashes of light come in upon the soul. But Truth and God are always on

our side. Ignorance and a blind and barren Faith favor only lies and their great patriarch.

The Pharisee of the Pulpit talks much of the divine authority of the Church and the Minister, as if the one was anything more than a body of men and women met for moral and religious improvement, and the other anything but a single man they had asked to teach them, and be an example to the flock, and not "Lord of God's heritage." Had this Pharisee been born in Turkey, he would have been as zealous for the Mahommetan church, as he now is for the Christian. It is only the accident of birth that has given him the Bible instead of the Koran, the Shaster, the Vedam, or the Shu-King. This person has no real faith in man, or he would not fear when he essayed to walk, nor would fancy that while every other science went forward, Theology, the Queen of Science, should be bound hand and foot, and shut up in darkness without sun or star; no faith in Christ, or he would not fear that Search and Speech should put out the light of life; no faith in God, or he would know that His Truth, like virgin gold, comes brighter out of the fire of thought, which burns up only the dross. Yet this Pharisee speaks of God, as if he had known the Infinite from His boyhood; had looked over his shoulder when he laid the foundations of the earth, had entered into all his counsels, and known to the tithing of a hair, how much was given to Moses, how much to Confucius, and how much to Christ; and had seen it written in the book of fate, that Christianity, *as it is now understood*, was the loftiest Religion man could ever know, and all the treasure of the Most High was spent and gone, so that we had nothing more to hope for. Yet the loftiest spirits that have ever lived have blessed the things of God; have adored him in all his works, in the dewdrops and the stars; have felt at times his Spirit warm their hearts, and blessed him who was all in all, but bowed their faces down before his presence, and owned they could not by searching find him out unto perfection; have worshipped and loved and prayed, but said no more of the nature and essence of God, for Thought has its limits, though presumption it seems has none. The Pharisee speaks of Jesus of Nazareth. How he dwells on his forbearance, his gentleness, but how he for-

gets that righteous indignation which spoke through him; applied the naked point of God's truth to Pharisees and Hypocrites, and sent them back with rousing admonitions. He heeds not the all-embracing Love that dwelt in him, and wept at Sin, and worked with bloody sweat for the oppressed and down trodden. He speaks of Paul and Peter as if they were masters of the Soul, and not merely its teachers and friends. Yet should those flaming apostles start up from the ground in their living holiness, and tread our streets, call things by their right names, and apply Christianity to life, as they once did and now would do were they here, think you our Pharisee would open his house, like Roman Cornelius, or Simon of Tarsus?

There are two divisions of this class of Pharisees; those who *do not think*, — and they are harmless and perhaps useful in their way, like snakes that have no venom, but catch worms and flies, — and *those who do think*. The latter think one thing in their study, and preach a very different thing in their pulpit. In the one place they are free as water, ready to turn any way; in the other, conservative as ice. They fear philosophy should disturb the church as she lies bed-ridden at home, so they would throw the cobwebs of Authority and Tradition over the wings of Truth, not suffering her with strong pinions to fly in the midst of Heaven and communicate between man and God. They think "you must use a little deceit in the world," and so use not a little. These men speak in public of the inspiration of the Bible, as if it were all inspired with equal infallibility, but what do they think at home? In his study, the Testament is a collection of legendary tales; in the pulpit it is the everlasting Gospel; if any man shall add to it, the seven last plagues shall be added to him; if any one takes from it, his name shall be taken from the Book of Life. If there be a sin in the land, or a score of sins tall as the Anakim, which go to and fro in the earth, and shake the churches with their tread; let these sins be popular, be loved by the powerful, protected by the affluent; will the Pharisee sound the alarm, lift up the banner, sharpen the sword, and descend to do battle? There shall not a man of them move his tongue; "no, they are dumb dogs, that cannot bark, sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber; yes they are greedy dogs, that

can never have enough." But let there be four or five men in obscure places, not mighty through power, renown, or understanding, or eloquence; let them utter in modesty a thought that is new, which breathes of freedom, or tends directly towards God, and every Pharisee of the Pulpit shall cry out from Cape Sable to the Lake of the Woods, till the land ring again. Doubtless it is heroic thus to fight a single new thought, rather than a score of old sins. Doubtless it is a very Christian zeal thus to pursue obscurity to its retreat, and mediocrity to its littleness, and startle humble Piety from her knees, while the Goliath of sin walks with impudent forehead at noon-day in front of their armies, and defies the living God; — a very Christian zeal which would put down a modest champion, however true, who, declining the canonical weapons, should bring down the foe and smite off the giant's head. Two persons are mentioned in the Bible, who have had many followers; the one is Lot's wife, who perished looking back upon Sodom; the other Demetrius, who feared that this our craft is in danger to be set at nought.

Such, then, are the Pharisees. We ought to accept whatever is good in them; but their sin should be exposed. Yet in our indignation against the vice, charity should always be kept for the man. There is "a soul of Goodness in things evil," even in the Pharisee, for he also is a man. It is somewhat hard to BE all that God made us to become, and if a man is so cowardly he will only aim to SEEM something, he deserves pity, but certainly not scorn or hate. Bad as he appears, there is yet somewhat of Goodness left in him, like Hope at the bottom of Pandora's box. Fallen though he is, he is yet a man, to love and be loved. Above all men is the Pharisee to be pitied. He has grasped at a shadow, and he feels sometimes that he is lost. With many a weary step and many a groan, he has hewn him out broken cisterns that hold no water, and sits dusty and faint beside them; "a deceived heart has turned him aside," and there is "a lie in his right hand." Meantime the stream of life hard by falls from the Rock of Ages; its waters flow for all, and when the worn pilgrim stoops to drink, he rises a stronger man, and thirsts no more for the hot and polluted fountain of Deceit and Sin. Farther down men leprous as Naaman may dip and be healed.

While these six classes of Pharisees pursue their wicked way, the path of real manliness and Religion opens before each soul of us all. The noblest sons of God have trodden therein, so that no one need wander. Moses and Jesus and John and Paul have gained their salvation by being real men; content to seek Goodness and God, they found their reward; they blessed the nations of the earth, and entered the kingdom of religious souls. It is not possible for Falseness or Reality to miss of its due recompense. The net of divine justice sweeps clean to its bottom the ocean of man, and all things that are receive their due. The Pharisee may pass for a Christian, and men may be deceived for a time, but God never. In his impartial balance it is only real Goodness that has weight. The Pharisee may keep up the show of Religion, but what avails it? Real sorrows come home to that false heart, and when the strong man tottering calls on God for more strength, how shall the false man stand? Before the Justice of the All-seeing, where shall he hide? Men may have the Pharisee's Religion if they will, and they have his reward, which begins in self-deception, and ends in ashes and dust. They may if they choose have the Christian's Religion, and they have also his reward, which begins in the great resolution of the heart, continues in the action of what is best and most manly in human nature, and ends in Tranquillity and Rest for the Soul, which words are powerless to describe, but which man must feel to know. To each man, as to Hercules, there come two counsellors; the one of the Flesh, to offer enervating pleasures and unreal joys for the shadow of Virtue; the other of the Spirit, to demand a life that is lovely, holy, and true. "Which will you have"? is the question put by Providence to each of us; and the answer is the daily life of the Pharisee or the Christian. Thus it is of a man's own choice that he is cursed or blessed, that he ascends to Heaven, or goes down to Hell.

P.

PROTEAN WISHES.

I WOULD I were the Grass,
Where thy feet most often pass,
I would greet thee all the day;

Or but a Drop of Dew,
Then gladdened at thy view,
I'd reflect thee all the day;

I would rise a purple cloud!
I would weave a fairy shroud,
And attend thee all the day.

I would I were the Night,
For when banished by thy light,
I would praise thee all the day.

I would I were the Sun,
Then wherever I shone
I would sing thee all the day.

I would I were the Skies,
For then with thousand eyes,
I would see thee all the day.
But I'd rather be the Air,
Then in thy presence fair,
I'd be blest all the day.

How blest is he who sits beside
Thee his Maiden, thee his Bride;
Like the Gods is he.
He hears thee speak, he sees thee smile,
With rapture burns his heart the while,
Yet beateth mild and tranquilly.

The lingering sun-beams round thee play,
And in their warm, rejoicing ray
Thy golden tresses shine.
Who calls thee Friend is richly blest:
Sister or Child — has heavenly rest:
Who calls thee Wife becomes divine.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

In the days of Michel Angelo, perhaps even in the earlier time of Grecian Art, certainly often since, the question has been discussed of the comparative dignity of Painting and Sculpture. The generous critic shrinks from the use of the words higher and lower, when applied to art, and yet I sometimes feel that these terms of comparison are among the limitations to which we must submit, while we continue human, as we accept our bodies and language itself, availing ourselves of them as best we may, until we gain that mount of vision, from which nothing is high nor low nor great nor small. Doubtless for everything that is gained something is lost, and yet if the thing gained is more than the lost, then comes in legitimately the idea of superiority. In my lonely hours of thought, I love to substitute, for these objectionable terms of comparison, those of means and ends, results, causes and effects, and so forth, and though deeply conscious of my ignorance on the subject of Art, I have often thought of the relation of its different departments to each other, and always end with the conclusion that Sculpture is the result of all the other arts, the lofty interpreter of them all; not in the order of time, but in the truer one of affinities. Phidias sits by the side of Plato uttering in marble, as his brother philosopher in words, his profound interpretation of all that had gone before, the result of his deep penetration into what Greece had acted, Homer sung, and Æschylus and Sophocles elevated into the region of sculpture and philosophy. The Homeric poem, the Orphic hymn, the Delphic temple, the Persian war, each was entire of itself, and contained within itself the hint, the germ of all that after time might ever be, but it waited the sculptor's touch, the sage's insight, to tell its history, to detect its immortality, to transmute it from an historical fact to a prophecy. The preparatory art of painting probably existed too in Greece, as certainly as the epic and the drama, though the traces of this art are faint in her history; for painting is the epic poem, the drama, uttering itself in another form, and the soil that produces one will produce the other. My theory is confirmed to me by the

experience of life. With every individual, after the feeling that prompts to action has died away, and the action is achieved, the mind pauses, and without any conscious reviewing of the details of experience, looks with quiet eye into its present state, which is the result of all before. This state of lofty contemplation, of deepening knowledge of oneself and the universe, is the end for which feeling warms and action strengthens the intellect. He that doeth shall know. Love prompted the divine essence to pass into the varied existence of this fair outward creation. Then followed the pause, and the sentence passed in the three words, "it is good," contains all that the highest thought has since discovered of the universe in which we dwell. Sculpture is the pause of art in the swift current of the life of nations, which is depicted glowing in the drama and on canvass; poetry and color idealizing it somewhat for its master's hand. The drama and painting are transfigured by philosophy and sculpture, as the human countenance by death. The departing soul, in the pause between its two lives, impresses itself as it never did before on the form of our friend. We read in this last impress the interpretation of its past history, the clear prophecy of its high possibilities, always deciphered confusedly before amid the changing hues, the varying lights and shadows of its distracted earthly life.

It seems to me that sculpture has not completed its circle. It is finished for Grecian life, and so is philosophy; but the modern world, modern life, is yet to be stamped with the seal of both. The materials for a future philosophy will be less pure and simple, but richer and more varied than those of the elder world. There can be no pure epic, no single motive for a nation's action, no severely chaste drama (almost approaching sculpture in its simplicity), no bursting forth of burning lyric, one gush from the soul in its primal freshness. Modern life is too complicated for this, but a nobler and sterner sculpture in words or marble, than our race has yet known, may be in reserve for it, — gifted with a restoring power that may bring it back to unity. Jesus loved and lived, then came the pause — It is finished. This little sentence summed up all the agitated moments of his yet unrecorded individual earthly history. The Plato of *Christianity* is yet

waited for. "The hands of color and design" have reproduced to Christendom every event of Jesus's sacred history, working in the church and for the church. Will the gazing world wait in vain for the Christian Phidias, who shall lift this history out of the dim twilight of experience, and plant it in marble for eternity?

The old fable of the stones arising and forming themselves into noble structures at the sound of the lyre, has been used to prove that Music and Architecture are sister arts. Does it not prove quite the reverse, that Architecture arose at the bidding of Music, is kindred, but inferior; not a vassal or equal, but an humble friend, unless the Scripture announcement holds good in arts as in the moral world — let him that is greatest among you be as a servant?

Such are the limitations of humanity that inequality is a proof of the inspiration of our work, perhaps also of our life. We are vessels too frail to receive the divine influx, except in small measure, at wide intervals; hence the patched up nature, the flagging and halting of an epic, often of a drama of high merit.

Goethe has said that "art has its origin in the effort of the individual to preserve himself from the destroying power of the whole." This for the origin of the useful arts seems an adequate explanation, but not for the fine arts; for if any one thing constitutes the difference between the two, is it not that the useful resist nature, and the others work with it and idealize it? Architecture, as it arises protectingly against the unfriendly external powers, takes a lower place than the other fine arts, and at its commencement can hardly be considered as one of them. It is hardly a satisfactory definition of art, though nearly allied to Goethe's, that it perpetuates what is fleeting in nature; not even of statuary, which snatches the attitude and expression of the moment, and fixes it forever.

I have been watching the flight of birds over a meadow near me, not as an augur, but as a lover of nature. A certain decorousness, and precision, about their delicate course has, for the first time, struck my eye. They are free and bold — but not alone free and bold. Perhaps perfect freedom for man would have the same result, if he grew up in it, and did not ruffle his plumage by con-

tending for it. If it were his unalienable birthright, and not his hard-earned acquisition, would he not wear it gracefully, gently, reservedly? Poor human being, all education is adjusting fetters to thy delicate limbs, and all true manhood is the strife to burst them; happy art thou, if aught remains to thee but strength!

SIC VITA.

I am a parcel of vain strivings tied
By a chance bond together,
Dangling this way and that, their links
Were made so loose and wide,
Methinks,
For milder weather.

A bunch of violets without their roots,
And sorrel intermixed,
Encircled by a wisp of straw
Once coiled about their shoots,
The law
By which I 'm fixed.

A nosegay which Time clutched from out
Those fair Elysian fields,
With weeds and broken stems, in haste,
Doth make the rabble rout
That waste
The day he yields.

And here I bloom for a short hour unseen,
Drinking my juices up,
With no root in the land
To keep my branches green,
But stand
In a bare cup.

Some tender buds were left upon my stem
In mimicry of life,
But ah! the children will not know
Till time has withered them,
The wo
With which they 're rife.

But now I see I was not plucked for nought,
And after in life's vase
Of glass set while I might survive,
But by a kind hand brought
Alive
To a strange place.

That stock thus thinned will soon redeem its hours,
And by another year
Such as God knows, with freer air,
More fruits and fairer flowers
Will bear,
While I droop here.

H. D. T.

BETTINA!

Like an eagle proud and free,
Here I sit high in the tree,
Which rocks and swings with me.
The wind through autumn leaves is rattling,
The waves with the pebbly shore are battling;
Spirits of ocean,
Spirits of air,
All are in motion
Everywhere.
You on the tame ground,
Ever walking round and round,
Little know what joy 't is to be
Rocked in the air by a mighty tree.

A little brown bird sate on a stone,
The sun shone thereon, but he was alone,
Oh, pretty bird! do you not weary
Of this gay summer so long and dreary?
The little bird opened his bright black eyes,
And looked at me with great surprise;
Then his joyous song burst forth to say —
Weary! of what? — I can sing all day.

PROPHECY — TRANSCENDENTALISM — PROGRESS.

One of the most philosophical of modern preachers has written, — "The practice of taking a passage of scripture, when one is about to give a discourse, is not always convenient, and seldom answers any very good purpose." I shall not discuss this proposition, but leave it for the decision of those, whom it more immediately concerns. I have found it convenient thus to preface a lay sermon, a word of "prophecy in the camp;" chiefly in the hope that it will answer the good purpose of bespeaking a favorable consideration of the doctrine it is believed to contain. The passage selected is contained in the 29th verse of the 11th chapter of the 4th book, called Numbers, of the history of the Hebrew nation attributed to Moses.

"WOULD GOD, THAT ALL THE LORD'S PEOPLE WERE PROPHETS."

I feel warranted in using the term prophet and prophecy in a larger signification than is usually attached to them. In the text, and other places where they occur in the Hebrew scriptures, and the writings of the Christian apostles, they cannot, without violence, be interpreted in the sense of literal prediction. Much unnecessary embarrassment, as it seems to me, has been placed in the way of Christianity, by resting its credibility upon the success of the attempt to establish the strict relation of literal prophecy between particular facts of the Christian history, and passages of the Old Testament. This is to degrade it from a system, bearing within itself the testimony of its divinity, and reposing upon the innate and indestructible convictions of the human mind, to a system of ambiguous authority, depending upon the authenticity of ancient records, and subtilties of verbal interpretation. Instead of being a revelation to the individual mind, it has become a mere inference from historical credibility; a conclusion of logic from certain possibly true premises, instead of a self-evident truth, whose witness is always the same, and always accessible, amid all the ambiguities and mutations of language, the revolutions of literature, and convulsions of empires.

It is, however, sufficient for me at present, to verify the remark, that, in the text and other places, prophecy has a different, and more indefinite meaning than foretelling.

It appears from the history, that Moses, being disquieted and perplexed by the complaints of the Hebrews on account of their sufferings in the wilderness, selected seventy of the elders of Israel to assist him in "bearing his burdens." Sixty-eight of the seventy came up to the tabernacle of the congregation, and "*prophesied*, and did not cease." But two of them did not go up to the tabernacle; however, the Spirit rested on them also, and they "*prophesied in the camp*." The people seem to have been shocked by this irregular field preaching, and some of them, in their zeal for the sanctity of the tabernacle, ran and told Moses, that Eldad and Medad were *prophesying in the camp*. Joshua, the son of Nun, was particularly scandalized, and urged Moses to forbid them. But Moses said,— "Enviest thou for my sake? Would God, that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put his spirit upon them."

Whatever may have been the precise functions, for which the seventy were selected, it would seem that the exigencies, which made their appointment necessary, would not require the power of literal prophecy; but rather the gift of insight, the faculty of communication, instruction, persuasion, a deep sense of the mission to which Moses had called their nation, a profound faith, and the earnest eloquence, which could infuse their own convictions into the minds of their countrymen, and animate and encourage them amid the difficulties under which they were almost sinking in despair.

This view of prophecy is illustrated and confirmed by the words of Paul, in his first letter to the Corinthians;— "Follow after charity, and desire spiritual gifts; but rather that ye may prophesy. For he, that speaketh in an unknown tongue, speaketh not unto men, but unto God. But he, that prophesieth, speaketh unto men, to edification, and exhortation, and comfort."

And again;—"If all prophesy, and there come in a man unlearned, or that believeth not; he is convinced of all, he is judged of all, and thus the secrets of his heart are made manifest, and so, falling down upon his face, he

will worship God, and report that God is with you of a truth."

The gift of literal prophecy would seem to be as barren and ineffectual for the conversion of the unbeliever, as the gift of tongues, with which the apostle is contrasting it, and even as unintelligible to the hearer. To work the effects attributed to it, the mind of the hearer should be able to comprehend the utterance of the prophecy; the prophet must address some common principle of the human mind, appeal to ideas already existing there, and produce conviction by giving form and a voice to the slumbering intuitions of the soul, which have but awaited the fit time to awake into life.

The gift of prophecy is one to be acquired; for Paul, as the conclusion of the whole matter, gives the exhortation, — "Wherefore, my brethren, *covet* to prophesy."

It may aid in admitting this view of prophecy, to remember that, in several of the ancient languages, the same word was used to denote the prophet and the poet; prophecy and poetry were regarded as identical. Thus Paul, in his letter to Titus, quoting a Greek poet, calls him a prophet. The poets, or prophets, were the earliest legislators and civilizers of mankind. Moses, the founder of the social system of the Hebrews, whose institutions at this day, after the lapse of thousands of years, modify the habits, and influence the destinies of his countrymen, was a poet of the highest order, and owed his unbounded authority over his countrymen as much, perhaps, as to any cause, to his deep prophetic, or poetic, insight. What Moses was to the Hebrews, Orpheus, and especially Homer, were to the Greeks, and through them to all modern civilization.

It may not be an unnecessary remark, that poetry does not consist in versification. Rhyme is an easy, and almost purely mechanical acquisition; and facility in its use is attained in perfection by multitudes, in whom is discerned scarce the faintest breathing of the poetic spirit. Measure, too, is only one of the forms in which poetry utters itself; but rhythm, no more than rhyme, must be confounded with it. The utterance of poetry must not be mistaken for the feeling. Poetry is thought, sentiment, insight; and the garment of words, in which it may be clothed, is not its sub-

stance, more than the form, or the hues, of the leaf are the perfume of the flower. Poetry is prophecy, and the poet is a prophet. For what is poetry, the poetic spirit, but the faculty of insight of the Good, the Beautiful, and the True, in the outward universe, and in the mysterious depths of the human spirit; that inward sense, which alone gives significance and relation to the objects of the material senses; by which man recognises and believes in the Infinite and the Absolute; through which is revealed to his soul the spiritual in the material, the unseen in the visible, the ideal in the actual, the unchangeable in the ever-changing forms of external nature, incorruption in decay, and immortality in death; that faculty, by which, in his own consciousness, the vast expansiveness of his intellect, the insatiable and ever-enlarging wants of his soul, the power and comprehension of his affections, the force and freedom of his will; he discerns his relation to all being and to eternity. Such revelations are prophecy in the highest and truest sense; and they who receive them are inspired. Only when he discerns the "open secret of the universe," is able to look through the veil of the visible, and read the deep, infinite significance, which it contains and shadows, are man's eyes truly open. He then becomes a prophet, a seer of the future, and his utterance is with power.

The days of prophecy are not, as is commonly and vainly asserted, past. The generation of the prophets is not extinct; and while the earth, and the heavens, and man endure, the universe will have its revelations to make to every soul, that bows a pure ear to hear them. "The human mind, in its original principles, and the natural creation, in its simplicity, are but different images of the same Creator, linked for the reciprocal development of their mutual treasures."

If I have succeeded in the attempt to show the true significance of prophecy, I may be permitted to say, that it is, in other words, the utterance of what is called in a modern system of philosophy, the Spontaneous Reason, the intuitions, the instincts of the soul. The reality of this power of intuition is denied, and the question of its reality is the main point of controversy, if I have not misapprehended it, between the adherents of the prevailing phi-

losophy of the last century and a half, and the more recently revived school, which is known by the name of *transcendental.* The former deny, except, perhaps, in a small, and very inadequate degree; the latter affirm the power of intellectual intuition, — the power of the mind to discover absolute truth. This is not a strife about words, as too many a philosophical controversy has been; but about realities. Rather, it may be said, the decision is to determine whether there is any such thing as reality; whether all, that we appear to see, all that we believe, our faith and hope, our loves and longings, earth, heaven, God, immortality, are aught but chimeras; nay, whether we ourselves are but unsubstantial pageants, mere shadows of dreams.

Transcendentalism, by that name, seems to be but little understood; and the vague notions, that are entertained respecting it, are derived chiefly from the distorted representations of its opposers, or the ridiculous grimaces of scoffers. To many minds, the word may bring up sad, or ludicrous associations, accordingly as it has been presented to them in the gloomy portraitures of those, who profess seriously to fear its unbelieving tendencies; or in the amusing caricatures of others, who have found food for mirth in the illustrations of some of its disciples, which they affected to consider fantastic and unintelligible. By some it is regarded as a mere aggregation of words, having the form, and giving the promise of a high, mysterious meaning; but when analyzed, being without significance, — mere sound, signifying nothing. By others, again, it is supposed to place the reveries of the imagination above the deductions of reason, and to make feeling the only source and test of truth. But though thus viewed, by its name, with suspicion, scorn, or dislike, I apprehend that it is, in reality, the philosophy of common life, and of common experience. It will be found that all men, mostly, perhaps, unconsciously, believe and act upon it; and that even to those, who reject it, and argue against it, it is the practical philosophy of belief and conduct. Every man is a transcendentalist; and all true faith, the motives of all just action, are transcendental.

A brief history of the origin of this philosophy, as a scientific system, will serve to explain its distinguishing

characteristic, and at the same time illustrate my leading proposition.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century, the celebrated Locke published his "Essay concerning the human understanding"; the professed purpose of which was to "inquire into the original, certainty, and extent of human knowledge, together with the grounds and degrees of belief, opinion, and assent." In answer to this inquiry, he began by denying that the mind had any ideas of its own to start with; that there are "any primary impressions stamped upon the mind, which the soul receives in its very first being, and brings into the world with it." The mind he supposed to be "white paper void of all characters," and affirmed that it is furnished with ideas only from *experience.* Experience is two-fold; the experience of the senses, furnishing much the greater part of the ideas from the outward world, which ideas are, therefore, called ideas of sensation. The notice, which the mind takes of its own operations, with the ideas thus acquired by sensation, furnishes another set of ideas, which are called ideas of reflection. From sensation and reflection, then, according to this theory, all human knowledge is derived.

It seems obvious at first sight, that, denying to the mind any primary principles, and reflection being, by the definition, only the notice which the mind, this blank piece of paper, takes of its own operations, reflection can add nothing to the stock of ideas furnished by sensation. It is a mere spectator; its office merely to note impressions. The operations of the mind, being confined to the sensible idea, can originate no new idea; can deduce nothing from the sensible idea, but what is contained in it; according to a well known and fundamental rule of logic. It cannot compare and infer, for there are no ideas in the mind, with which to compare the sensible idea; and by comparing one sensible idea with another, no result can be obtained beyond them. Besides, the very act of comparing implies the abstract ideas of identity and difference, which must, therefore, have been prior to sensible experience. Abstract ideas are entirely beyond the province of the senses. The eye conveys to the mind the idea of a tree. Reflection can only note the operation of the mind upon this idea; that is, note the impression it makes. The tree is a

tree, and that is all. Reflection can do no more with a second, a third, a thousandth. Without the prior abstract ideas of number, identity, relation, beauty, and others, or some idea still more abstract, from which these are derived; I see not how reflection can deduce more from a thousand than from one. There is a tree, and that is all. So that, after all, these two sources of ideas are resolved into one, and sensation, the experience of the senses, is the only foundation of knowledge. Give reflection the largest power that is claimed for it; so long as original ideas, the faculty of intuitive perception, of primitive and direct consciousness, is excluded; it cannot advance beyond the outward and the visible; it cannot infer the infinite from finite, the spiritual from the material. The infinite and spiritual are absolutely unknown and inconceivable. Or, at the best, faith is only the preponderance of probabilities; immortality an unsubstantial longing; and God is reduced to a logical possibility. In short, mind is subordinated to matter, bound down by the fetters of earth to the transitory and corruptible, and cannot rise, with an unfaltering wing, into the region of the infinite and imperishable.

Adopting, and seriously believing, Locke's theory, Mr. Hume deduced from it, by the severest logical induction, a system of universal skepticism, and demonstrated that universal doubt, even of one's personal existence, nay, doubt even of the fact of doubting, is the only reasonable state of mind for a philosopher. The doctrines of Locke were also adopted in France, and led, with some modifications, to their ultimate, legitimate conclusions, the almost universal atheism, which characterized the French literati of the last century, and the early part of the present. Unhappy as were these logical results of the system, it was long received as true, without much question. Men of earnest faith embraced it, and defended it, and denying the justness of its infidel conclusions, continued to doubt, "in erring logic's spite;" as Locke himself was eminently religious in defiance of his philosophy. His faith and life were a noble, living refutation of his philosophy. This system has long been prevalent in this country, and is now found as one of the text-books of instruction in intellectual philosophy in our oldest American university.

But the ideas of the spiritual, the infinite, of God, immortality, absolute truth, are in the mind. They are the most intimate facts of consciousness. They could not be communicated to the mind by the senses, nor be deduced by reflection from any materials furnished by sensible experience. They cannot be proved by syllogism, and are beyond the reach of the common logic. They are ideas, which *transcend* the experience of the senses, which the mind cannot deduce from that experience; without which, indeed, experience would not be possible. Are these ideas true? Are they realities? Do they represent real existences? Are spirit, eternity, truth, God, names, or substances?

The philosophy of sensation, even if we absolve it from strict logical rules, and give it the widest latitude, is absolutely unable to give us certainty upon this subject. It leaves the mind in doubt concerning the highest questions, that can occupy it. In the place of an unambiguous answer, on which the soul can calmly repose, and abide events, it gives only a possible probability. The transcendental philosophy affirms their truth decisively. Not only are they true, but the evidence of their truth is higher than that of the visible world. They are truths, which we cannot doubt, for they are the elements of the soul. As they are the most momentous of truths, so their proof is higher and surer than that of any other truths; for they are direct spiritual intuitions. Belief in them is more reasonable and legitimate, than belief in the objects of sensible experience; inasmuch as these transcendental truths are perceived directly by the mind, while sensible facts are perceived only through the medium of the senses, and belief in them requires the previous certainty of the accuracy and fidelity of the material organs. The former are truths of immediate and direct consciousness, the latter of intermediate perception. Transcendentalism, then, is "the recognition in man of the capacity of knowing truth intuitively, or of attaining a scientific knowledge of an order of existence *transcending* the reach of the senses, and of which we can have no sensible experience." The origin and appropriation of the name will be perceived from this definition. This name, as well as that of the *Critical Philosophy*, was given by Kant, a German philosopher,

who first decisively refuted the theory of sensation, and gave a scientific demonstration of the reality and authority of the Spontaneous Reason. I know nothing of the writings of Kant; but I find his doctrine thus clearly stated by one of his English interpreters. "Kant, instead of attempting to prove, which he considered vain, the existence of God, virtue, and immortal soul, by inferences drawn, as the *conclusion* of all philosophy, from the world of sense; he found these things written, as the *beginning* of all philosophy, in obscured, but ineffaceable characters, within our inmost being, and themselves first affording any certainty and clear meaning to that very world of sense, by which we endeavor to demonstrate them. God *is*, nay, alone *is*; for we cannot say with like emphasis, that anything else is. This is the absolute, the primitively true, which the philosopher seeks. Endeavoring, by logical argument, to prove the existence of God, the Kantist might say, would be like taking out a candle to look for the sun; nay, gaze steadily into your candlelight, and the sun himself may be invisible."

That man possesses this intuitive power of discerning truth might be inferred from his creation. God is absolute truth; and man is created in his image. God is a spirit; and therein too man still bears his likeness. Can it be, that this spiritual creation, though clothed with a material covering, should have no power of recognising directly its spiritual relations? that it should bear within itself no traces of its origin? that it should be absolutely dependent upon the flesh, and possess no other means of attaining the higher knowledge, which is its birthright, than the treacherous avenues of its material organs?

> "O Zeus! why hast thou given a certain proof
> To know adulterate gold, but stamped no mark,
> Where it is needed most, to know immortal truth?"

This is to deny the likeness in which it was formed; to reverse the whole order of creation, and the attributes, which man's instincts, as well as his own revelations, ascribe to the Creator. The divine is not thus subjected to the earthly; the immaterial mind to its corruptible and decaying lodgment. The spirit is still a spirit, with the inherent power of spiritual discernment; and it is su-

preme, even amid the incumbrances and hindrances of its material tabernacle. The inspiration of the Almighty still gives it understanding, and the voice of prophecy yet speaks to it in a language, which it can interpret and repeat.

And this is the practical faith, the actual life of all men; — of all men, at least, who act with a purpose, and for an end; in whom their material environments have not extinguished, if that were possible, the consciousness of a higher life. Every act even of sensible experience is a refutation of the philosophy, which denies the reality and truth of human instincts. How much beyond and above the deductions of logic are the thoughts and emotions excited in the mind by the impressions of external nature through the senses. Whence does the song of the early bird borrow its melody, as it rouses the ear of the sleeper from its morning slumber, and seems like audible tones of a universal harmony, echoing voices from that far land, where he has wandered in his so-called dreams? Whence the eloquent stillness of the evening sky, when man stands reverent beneath it, with uplifted eye? Sense beholds nought there but a misty circle of mountains, surmounted by a blue canopy, studded with shining points. Whence come the tones of its silent harmonies? Whence "that tune, which makes no noise?" How break forth those mute hills into singing? What fills that azure vault with thousand-voiced stars? Whence arises that light, which comes up into the soul from the bosom of that obscurity?

And what does logic report of the birth of the year, — that loosing of the earth from its chains of frost, — that springing forth of the leaf after the death of winter, — that resurrection of insect life from its frozen tomb? Sense reports nothing more, nor even the probability of more. The tree sheds and renews its foliage from year to year, perhaps for ages. But there comes a period even to the rock-rooted oak, which has for centuries defied time and the elements. Time's hour of conquest comes at length, and there, too, death at last gathers in his harvest. The report of science is but little more satisfactory. That may inform us with some degree of plausibility, that the material elements, of which these falling and decaying masses are composed, do not perish, but enter into new combinations.

But the time-honored monarch of the forest has yielded to the destroyer; its individuality is gone; it is no longer the same; it *is* no longer.

> "Great Cæsar's body, dead and turned to clay,
> May stop a hole to keep the wind away;"

and that is all that sense and logic can say about it. Beyond that they are deaf, dumb, and blind. Whence, then, comes that voice, which is borne into the inward ear of man on the breezes of spring, whispered by the budding leaf, breathed to his soul by the unfolding flower, and set to music, and repeated in prolonged melodies by the winged minstrels of the year?

And the ocean, boundless and restless, as we stand before it on its everlasting cliffs! The senses discourse to us of its blue waters, its briny taste, its ceaseless ebb and flow, and science discloses to us its secret elements, compels it to yield up its salts, and acids, and alkalies, for man's inspection and use, and publishes the laws of its tides. But they have not, and they cannot, reveal to us its higher mysteries, its loftier symbols. Not their voices bring to us the tidings of the spirit, which are borne upon its murmuring swell. It is not the eye, which reads the revelation of eternity and power, that is written upon its heaving bosom, or in its deep repose. It is not the ear, which hears the unwearied chant, that arises to the Invisible from all its fathomless depths.

The spreading landscape has its mysteries, too. But sense, nor science can read, much less interpret them. They can only tell of the outward, describe in detail the visible features; the sunny slopes, the expanded meads, the wooded steeps, the hanging cliffs, the flowery vales, the falling cascade, the roaring cataract, and all the picturesque groupings. They cannot pluck out the heart of its mystery. Their vocation is with the mere surface of the material. Not theirs is the mission to develop the *soul of beauty*, which reposes there, nor unfold the deep sublimities of the spirit, which are there encolsed. They see the rock, the wood, the water, and the earth; but the spirit of the earth, the wood, the water, and the rock, come not forth at their conjuration.

It is not, then, the senses, nor reasoning, which disclose

to us the living reality, which is in everything that exists. The senses perceive the outward appearance, but cannot attain to the inner spirit; to the revelations of the Good, the Beautiful, the True, which every creation of God's hand contains for those, who seek it truly, for every one, who reverently opens the inward ear to hear it, and bows a pure heart to catch its inspiration. Not from sense, nor science, do we learn the emphatic truth of the approbation, which the Creator bestowed upon his successive works, when he pronounced them *good*. The prophetic spirit of man beholds them, and feels that they are glorious and divine.

As the philosophy of sensation disrobes earth and nature of their chief splendor, so does it deprive Christianity of its highest evidence, and brings it down to the level of human systems. Denying to man the intuition of the infinite and true, it compels us to scrutinize the claims of religion with the poor and fallible logic of sensation; to rest its truths exclusively upon the authenticity of old manuscripts, of which the original writing is to be deciphered, and by a laborious process restored, and brought up from under the later glosses, which have been written over and nearly obliterated it; — upon the interpretation of Greek and Hebrew particles; — upon scattered fragments of the fathers of the first centuries, picked up here and there amid the accidental relics of ancient literature; upon the agreement of certain events in the Christian history, with vague and isolated passages of the Jewish writings; upon the reality of certain miracles reported in the writings of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John — sensation being all the while unable to define or recognise a miracle, or to show how it may prove the divine authority of him who works it; and all the other proofs depending upon the competence and integrity of those historians; and upon the question, whether the histories, which we have received as theirs, are the veritable histories written by the Apostles. Be all these points determined as clearly as they be by philology and logic, verbal criticism and balancing of testimony; the highest conviction they can produce is only a probability that Christianity is true. However high the degree of probability attained, the result still leaves a portion of doubt in the mind. As a consequence,

too, it becomes a religion of the letter; and its rites, from spiritual symbols, become the substance of holiness. Christianity is not a revelation to this age, and to all time; but a cunning historical problem for learned men and scholars to discuss. For, it is to be observed, that the great mass of mankind have not access to the historical testimony, by which the problem is to be solved. The great mass of men, therefore, can have no warrant for their faith in Christianity, but the naked authority of the learned. But the learned differ in their conclusions; draw contradictory inferences from the historical investigation. The great mass, then, are without the miserable support of learned authority for their faith. Even the learned can have no direct faith in Christianity; their belief terminates logically in its evidences. The unlearned cannot have this poor substitute for a living faith. They are left to float helpless, and without a guide upon the shoreless ocean of conjecture, doubt, and despair. "They are absolutely disinherited by their Maker, placed out of the condition of ascertaining the probable truth of that which they must believe, or have no assurance of salvation."

Not thus has the Universal Father left his children dependent for spiritual food. Not by such a faith was the noble army of martyrs sustained, who periled life, and poured out their blood like water, as a testimony to the truth. Not before the power of a historical probability did the pompous rites of ancient paganism recede, and its idols crumble into dust; nor by such a power has Christianity kept on its march of eighteen centuries of conquest. Not such a hope has poured the gladness of heaven into the dwellings of suffering and sorrow; nor that the light, which can fill the ignorant mind with the radiance of divine truth. The masses, though they have never *seen* by the glow-worm light of logic, have always believed in Jesus, as the Christ, and with a faith infinitely surer than authority, or tradition, or historical testimony can impart. Here it is seen of a truth, that "the testimony of Jesus is the *spirit of prophecy.*" This is the spirit of prophecy; that true light, which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world, and gives to every one that does his will, to *know* of the doctrine, whether it be of God. This is the spirit of prophecy, the intuition of the true, the faculty

of discerning spiritual truth, when distinctly presented; which gives "the ultimate appeal on all moral questions, not to a jury of scholars, a hierarchy of divines, or the prescriptions of a creed, but to the common sense of the human race."

I have said that atheism is the direct logical result, the ultimate word of the philosophy, which derives all knowledge from the experience of the senses. As it takes from Christianity its only sure support, so it robs the universe of its Creator. The senses can attain only to phenomena, but can give no information of causes. In the action of external things upon each other, the powers by which they are mutually affected, it can note only the naked facts, or at most, only the precedence and succession of facts. The rising of the sun, and the illumination of the earth, are simply facts, which the senses present to the mind; but nowise in the relation of cause and effect. The intuitive element is so closely interwoven in every act of sensible experience, that it is not easy, without some attention and analysis, to perceive the precise limits of the information conveyed to the mind by sensible phenomena. Especially is this the case in those phenomena, which involve the idea of causation, one of the most active intuitions. In observing the succession of certain phenomena, we immediately perceive that one is the cause of the other, and too hastily conclude that this idea of their relation is the result of sensation, as well as the ideas of the phenomena themselves. But it may be easily seen, that this idea is one of the very earliest of which the mind indicates a consciousness. It is shown in the first unfolding of the infant's mind, before the reflective faculty can be supposed to have come into action, or only with the most feeble and imperfect endeavor. In the highest reasonings of the profoundest philosopher, this idea is not manifested more decisively than in the first conscious efforts of the child, in his earliest attempts at philosophizing with his coral and rattle. When looking at the phenomena involving causation, therefore, it is necessary to abstract every element of experience, except sensation, and consider the effect, by itself, which sensation produces. Thus, analyzing the phenomena referred to, it will be found that the mind gets only the ideas of the sun's rising, and the earth enlightened; without

any relation between them, excepting, possibly, that of the order of time. These ideas being attained, the mind, that blank piece of paper, can deduce nothing from them for reflection to note, but what is contained in them. The idea of cause therefore, so far as the senses are concerned, not being contained in them, cannot be inferred from them. It may be admitted, indeed, that the idea of cause and effect is involved in them, as the materials of flame and fire are hidden in a lump of ice. But lumps of ice, or a lump of ice and a flint may be rubbed together a good while, before a spark is struck out. They will be lump of ice and flint still. It requires the electric current to bring out the flame and the fire. Ideas involving causation may be multiplied indefinitely, without helping the matter. Mere multitude will not aid in elaborating that relation. The senses, alone, can by no possibility arrive at the idea of cause, and are, therefore, impotent to furnish the first link in one of the chains of argument most relied on to demonstrate the reality of a First Cause. "Every effect must have a cause." True; but how will you prove it by your logic? or how will your senses enable you to determine which is effect and which cause? Intuition is the only electric current, that can evolve it. The idea of causation is a pure intellectual intuition.

Even if it were possible for sensation to attain to the knowledge of intermediate causes, the logic, which denies to the mind the power of directly percieving the Infinite, is unable to reach the idea of the ONE First Cause. Unity is still beyond its power. It could only trace an interminably ascending series of effects and causes, to which it could "find no end, in wandering mazes lost;" and the universe would still be without a Sovereign and Head.

To a similar result must every attempt come, which seeks to demonstrate the reality of the Absolute from outward phenomena alone, and discards the transcendental element of the mind. The insufficiency of these premises alone, and the fallacy of such reasoning, have been again and again shown. Skeptics have disproved, by unimpeachable logic, everything but the possibility of the existence of a Supreme Cause. Why then, if the philosophy of sensation be true, is not the whole world buried in atheism and despair? Why is it, that the unknown nook of earth

has not yet been discovered, where man, however deeply plunged in barbarism, and faint and few the traces of his original brightness, does not recognise, and in some form, however rude, worship a higher Power, which created him and all things? Will the obscure tradition of an original revelation to the first beings of the race, as some assume, account for it? But human traditions are not thus constant, permanent, and universal. Other traditionary beliefs, which for ages the hoariest tradition had consecrated, have disappeared from the creeds of nations. From articles of religious faith, they degenerate into superstitions, become poetic legends, and having served their turns as nursery bugbears or lullabies, vanish utterly, or remain as monuments in history of the progress, or decline of mankind.

> "The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
> The fair humanities of old religion,
> The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
> That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
> Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
> Or chasms and watery depths; all these have vanished."

Why has not this belief, too, perished with the rest? or become a superstition, or an idle legend; instead of continuing to be the most solemn conviction of universal man, in all stages of his progress? Is it not because the revelation is made to every human soul? Is it not, because his relation to the Infinite and the Highest is an indestructible element of man's consciousness; and that the doctrines of the skeptic produce "a harsh dissonance with the whispers of that voice, which is uttered clearly, though faintly in the heart of every human being?" Is it not, that "the God *felt* in the soul of man is a thing, which logic cannot dispute out of him?"

In this view the faith of every generation is a new testimony and confirmation of the truth. Man begins to doubt only when he forsakes his intuitions, and betakes himself to his logic. The orthodox symbol is by no means without significance, when truly interpreted, which teaches the necessity of distrusting the conclusions of mere reason, as reason is commonly defined and understood. Reasoning, the faculty of drawing inferences from the facts of sensible experience, is indeed a blind guide, leader of the blind. Error, and doubt, and denial are the characteristics of en-

lightened communities, in which the faculty of syllogistic logic is most developed and honored; and that higher faculty, the true Reason, the divine in man, which apprehends truth by the force of intuitive evidence, is disparaged and neglected.

Something like this idea is illustrated in the beautiful romance of Picciola. It is related that the grateful prisoner Charney sought assiduously and long to discover the scientific name and classification of the mysterious flower of his prison-yard, whose silent eloquence had rescued him from the darkness of unbelief and despair, and made his prison walls the inner courts of immortality. His search, we are told, was unsuccessful. And so it should have been. His search was idle, and his disappointment full of meaning. He had discerned the *soul* of the flower, and its leaves had been for the healing of his spirit. What had he to do with its material accidents, its nomenclature, its stamens and pistils, its class and order? Technological science could not enter that inner shrine without desecrating it. The plain why and because would have robbed it of some of its truthful mystery; made it partial and exclusive instead of universal. It was a flower, from which he had learned the high meaning, of which all flowers are the emblems. It would have become a mere meaningless Polyandria Polyginia.

Do not imagine, that in this discussion I am reviving a useless, or an exploded and forgotten controversy. If I have not entirely failed of my purpose, it is seen, that the relations of man to outward nature, the foundation of religious faith and hope, and the grounds of the certainty of all human knowledge are involved in it. It cannot, then, be useless. The subject is, at this moment, the ground of earnest debate in one portion of our community; and the theory of sensation is the standard philosophy of our ancient university. I am not, then, calling up the shadows of the past. The question, besides its intellectual and religious aspects, has social and political relations of the highest importance. The transcendental philosophy alone legitimates human freedom, and vindicates, and at the same time assures, social progress. It cannot, then, be a matter of unconcern to any one, who prizes his individual liberty, and earnestly striving hopes for the universal emancipation of the race.

The philosophy of sensation denies the inward light, and deals only with the outward. Hence it recognises man only in his accidents, his external environments. Let it be observed, that the practical conduct of those, who profess this belief, is not always such as properly follows from their creed. Man's intuitions, however they may be denied, still assert their supremacy. How far short soever he may come of the ideal towards which he strives, he is always wiser in his thought than his logic, and better in his life. I am, therefore, only speaking of logical consequences. Sensation, then, does not, and by its own terms cannot, see man but in his outward condition, and his personal and social rights are such only, as can be logically inferred from the circumstances in which he is placed. Whatever is, in relation to society, is right, simply because it is. That an institution exists is an ultimate reason, why it should exist. Hence it is conservative of the present organization of society, whatever it may be; and resists improvement, except that, which consists in levelling down to a certain point. The idea of bringing up what is below does not result from any of its logical formulas. It finds man everywhere divided into high and low in social position, and concludes that gradation of ranks is of divine appointment. The few have in all ages lorded it over the many, and this determines that the masses are born for servitude. The earth is not the common heritage of the race; because a small minority has monopolized the whole of it, and it would disturb the existing social order established by Providence to call upon them to give an account of their titles. The masses are steeped in misery to the lips; oppression strides ruthlessly with its iron heel over the necks of the prostrate millions; avarice snatches from the mouth of famishing despair its last crust; monopoly robs industry of its wages, and builds palaces with its fraudulent accumulations. This philosophy looks calmly on, and bids these ignorant, starving, scourged, and bleeding millions take comfort, for their lot is ordained by destiny; that though the earth spreads out provisions liberally for all her children, the arrangements of nature would be defeated, if all should partake of them. It knows nothing of the infinite, and therefore cannot promise them a higher life hereafter, where their sufferings shall be compensated;

but instead thereof, in the freer communities, it bids them take courage and submit; for in some of the changes of condition, which are daily taking place, their children's children may rise, and they shall be avenged in their posterity. It then turns complacently to the favored few, and bids them thank God, that they are not shut out from the light of earth, as well as that of Heaven, like those poor, starving helots; and discourses with unction of charity, and the liberal hand that maketh *rich*.

It has scarcely a word of reproach for that most ferocious and guilty form of oppression, which exists in this country, whose very existence is transcendental; whose right to be a nation was broadly and unequivocally legitimated upon the intuitive truth of the principle of the equality and brotherhood of universal man. Yet here it sees a system of the most bloody injustice perpetrated; man made a chattel by law, bought and sold like the ox in the market, his body marked with scars, and stripes, and mutilations, a faint, though fearful, image of the deeper wounds, and more horrible mutilations inflicted upon his God-created, and God-imaged soul; a system, which combines and embodies all that is conceivable of mean and despicable in selfishness, of fraud and cruelty in oppression; a system of mingled hypocrisy, treachery, and impiety, defying Heaven, outraging earth, and filling all the echoes of hell with the exulting shouts of demons, at the *realized* possibilities of man's depravity and guilt. In view of these things, which would seem fit to move the universe with anguish, this philosophy is calm and cold as an iceberg, as unmoved and passionless, as the granite ranges that bind a continent. It has no tears, nor consolation for the soul-stricken slave; no groans, that a light from Heaven has been extinguished. But it takes the slave-*holder* by the hand as a brother; offers *him* its sympathy, if a light cloud but arise in the horizon, threatening him with danger; and again pledges itself to interpose the whole might of a nation between him and the retributions of omnipotence: aye, soberly thinks to encourage his trembling spirit, by holding up before him a piece of parchment, — a written constitution — the Constitution of the *free* United States — which, it solemnly assures him, guaranties his domestic institutions of oppression and blood. Pitiable

philosopher! Grovelling, earth-burrowing mole! to be pitied, and not reproached, that thou shouldst have conceived, that human constitutions could nullify the laws of the universe; that political arrangements could extinguish the eternal instincts of man's soul, through which the Almighty declares him to be free, and impels him, as with the voice of necessity, of destiny, to struggle for his birthright. Hadst thou been aught but a burrowing, purblind mole, thou wouldst have known, that every human being is bound, by the fixed and fateful laws of his being, to opposition to such a constitution; that the universe abhors, and will not endure it. Such a constitution is a lie, earth-formed and material; the Spirit of the Universe, which is truth, will not suffer a lie, be it individual, or national. All the powers of nature, unseen but irresistible agents of truth, are at work, and this stupendous imposture must soon explode. The whole moral force of humanity is pledged for its extinction. Come out of the earth then, ye purblind statesmen, and sense-fettered politicians! It is for you to determine, in some measure, whether the explosion shall take place by a silent, scarcely felt transfusion of moral-electrical force, operating by gentle shocks, or whether it shall burst upon the world like "a doom's thunder-peal."

As the human mind can have no direct perception of truth; the inquiry after truth is a mere matter of logic and syllogism; and truth, or rather the logical probabilities of truth, are attainable only by the few, who have the opportunities and leisure to pursue it. The masses are incapable of determining for themselves what is right and good in relation to anything; are as impotent to discover political, as we have seen them to be to find moral and religious truth. Hence, they are incapable of governing themselves, and are of necessity in a state of pupilage to those, whom circumstances have placed in a situation to investigate. The social order, once established, is sacred; for as authority is the supreme law of this system, a precedent, once settled, is inviolable. Hereditary ranks of governors and governed, or kindred social organizations, with their consequences of privilege, wealth, and power, on the one side, and oppression, poverty, and degradation on the other, become fixed social laws, invested with a divine

sanction. There is no foundation for individual freedom; but the masses are doomed, by an inexorable destiny, to hopeless bondage. As this philosophy begets skepticism and infidelity in religion, so it has no faith, and no promise for man in his social and political relations.

It has no element of, and contains no provisions for social progress. It can discover no change, no improvement in that outward creation, from which alone it gets all its ideas. The same stars, which beamed upon man's cradle, shine upon his tomb. History, its highest authority, assures us they are the same, which sang together at the creation. Except a lost Pleiad, whose place none comes to supply, there they are, identical in number and place. There they shine, and as they shone to Adam, shine they to us. Our faltering steps creep feebly along the same unaltered hills, over which our bounding feet once leaped with ecstasy. The same echoes repeat the complaint of our age's weariness, which were once awakened by our jubilant shouts of youthful gladness. We repose at last beneath the turf of the same unaltered valley, whose early flowers were, in other days, the beautiful emblems of our own spring-time. Alternation we behold, indeed, but no change; succession of individuals, but the same habits, without alteration, increase, or diminution. One generation is the exact counterpart of its predecessor. The flowers of this year are like the flowers of the last. The robin and the thrush bring back no new harmonies from their sunny wanderings. The river of our valley is the same, as when the wild Indian rippled its current with his light canoe. Other harvests are reaped here now, than the red man gathered; but they spring up by the same unchanging law of germination, growth, and reproduction. The corn of the *savage* Pocomptuck was as perfect as that, which the more skilful cultivation of the civilized Pocomptuck produces. Nature is ever the same; and her constancy is her perfection. It is from the *unchangeableness* of her beauty and order, that man derives the divine wisdom she was intended to communicate. The material creation was pronounced *good*. It was created *at first* in the full perfection for which it was destined. Its successive tribes appear and vanish, according to their periods, without improvement, and without change. To have lived, and died,

and reproduced, has fulfilled the law of their being. Man, the last and noblest work of creation, was not pronounced *good*. Progress is his law; and the perfection of his nature must be the work of his own earnest and faithful strivings.

If in her transient generations Nature thus communicates to man no thought of progress; from her more enduring forms still less can he acquire it. Her everlasting hills are the highest symbols sense can furnish him of duration, unchangeableness. The primeval constellations occupy unmoved their ancient habitations; each star *fixed* changelessly to its own celestial space, even be that space an orbit. How then can man infer the mighty law of progress from these fixed and changeless emblems, or which only change without advancing? Chain man to the material, limit him to the knowledge which sensation furnishes, and where were now the race? "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh," would have comprised the whole of its history, as it does that of the trees of the forest, and of all the forms of animal life.

But such is not the sum of man's history. On the contrary, it is a perpetual proof, to which every era adds its own confirmation, that his destinies are guided by an intuition of something higher, than sense can give him any conception of. It has been, and will ever be a history of progress, constant, perpetual. One form of social organization disappears, and it may seem for a time, that there has been retrogression, instead of progress. This may, perhaps, be the case with single generations. But a generation does not embody, nor but partially typify the history of the race. Every form of civilization, every social institution, which in their first establishment are the result and expression of the transcendental element of man's nature, has its mission to fulfil. When that is accomplished, it has ceased to be useful, and must give place to some better expression of the existing attainments of Humanity. But it is only by battle that it can be overthrown; and in the evil passions excited by this contest of the past with the present, society may appear to recede. The age, which immediately succeeds a great social revolution, may seem to have gone back towards barbarism. But the recession is only apparent, or at most, but temporary. In the seem-

ing chaos the elements of order are silently and powerfully at work; whatever there was of living truth in the extinguished forms, is diffusing itself with a more vital energy, now that it is rid of its hindrances of formulas; a thousand falsehoods, and false seemings are annihilated in the tumultuous heaving of the social elements; and out of the chaos arises at length a higher, and truer, and wider civilization, embracing a larger portion of humanity in its benefits and blessings. More perfect institutions are established, in their turn, when their work is done, to give place to something nobler.

The warlike barbarians of the North of Europe overthrew the Roman empire, which contained all that the world then possessed of science, art, and culture. The period, that succeeded, history, with little insight, has been accustomed to regard, under the name of the Middle Age, as the return of the ages of darkness. Yet in this darkness, how many principles most important to Humanity, but unknown to Rome, were at work, and taking deep root in the general mind. Individual man began to be of account; the masses, by means of the religious orders, to emerge from their social degradation; and in the fit time, a new civilization commenced, more comprehensive than the Roman, based on higher and broader principles, and aiming at higher attainments, embracing all that was true and living in that of Rome, and much besides that the Roman did not dream of.

Or to take a more recent example. How many falsehoods, by which man had so long been defrauded of his birthright, robbed, beaten, and trampled on, were extinguished by that transcendental French Revolution. How many forms of social injustice and oppression did it destroy. How many hidden truths did it develope. What lessons of the worth and the might of man, aye, of peasant man, did it force into the quailing hearts of despots of every grade, from the castellated baron of the banks of the Garonne, to the terrible autocrat of the Neva, whose will is absolute over half a continent. What tokens of love and hope did it send forth to the prostrate, waiting nations. Blind sense looked with horror and dismay, as if it were a volcano of wrath and destruction, upon that beacon light of deliverance.

Thus, through perpetual revolution and change, society casts off its worn out forms, and the symbols that have lost their significance, and by conflict prepares the way for new and fairer developments of Humanity. Every generation has felt that it had a work of its own to do, and not merely to receive, and to enjoy what it received from its predecessor; not merely to transmit its own inheritance of arts, institutions, opinions, unimpaired to its successor, but to leave them more improved and perfected than it found them. Let not generations more than individuals dream that they have already attained perfection; but forgetting the things that are behind, labor to build monuments of progress in advance of those, which are crumbling around them.

It would be a mistake to suppose that revolutions are the causes of progress. They are only its indications. They do not originate, or discover truth, but only labor to establish and give it utterance. The progress has been already made in the general mind; the revolution is needed to sweep obstructions from its path. They announce, not generate improvment. They are, therefore, the results, not the originators of advancement. The forms and institutions of society are, as I have said, the expressions of its existing attainments; the attempts of society to preserve what from period to period it has gained, and thus prevent the race from retrograding. They may be regarded as the monuments of its spiritual acquisitions; as historical monuments, the obelisk, the pyramid, and the triumphal arch, preserve the memory of its material conquests. All monuments, from their very nature and design, belong to the past almost from the moment of their erection. As Humanity by the laws of its being, must continue to advance, it will leave its forms and institutions, of which permanence is necessarily a chief object, behind it. They cease to represent its spiritual state, and as far as it is bound by them, they impede its onward march; they become not only useless, but an incumbrance, which it cannot bear, and must throw off. The difficulty of relief arises in part from the reverence for the established, especially when time has given it a species of consecration, which, as well as progress, is a law of humanity. But the chief obstacle is in the difference of individual progress. Institutions

represent only the average attainments of a community; the majority may even be below, rather than above the standard. To this portion, whatever its relative numbers, the institution, or the form will continue to be a holy symbol, long after it has lost its holiness, and become to another portion, an antiquated absurdity to be rejected, or a crushing burthen to be got rid of at any rate. In this difference of individual progress, commences the struggle of the present with the past. In this conflict Humanity may be sometimes overthrown for a season. But it rises again, strengthened even by its defeats; and revolution, with the reform, or utter subversion, of the old, spiritless forms, and the building of new, more finished, and beautiful monuments, commemorates its triumph, and indicates its progress.

As with individuals, so with nations, every step of progress makes each succeeding one easier. Every improvement in the social institutions of a nation prepares the way for another, that is to follow it, brings it nearer, and gives assurance that it shall be accomplished with less expense of human happiness. Benjamin Constant, in his Essay on "*the Progressive Development of Religious Ideas*," has given a striking illustration of this majestic law of acceleration. He has noted four distinguished stages in the civil and political progress of man, as he has departed from the savage state; each stage terminated by a revolution more or less sudden and violent. The first stage is a *theocracy*, the period denoted by the reign of the Gods, to which the annals of every people go back. This is the reign of the priesthood, a consecrated caste, claiming a commission from Heaven, and a mysterious, but absolute supremacy. All men out of the sacerdotal caste were regarded as unclean and degraded by their nature; and hence slavery under a theocracy was most severe, humiliating, and least susceptible of mitigation, still less of abolition.

When the warrior caste superseded the sacerdotal, indicating the second stage of progress, slavery, though more cruel and bloody, lost the sanction of religion, the consecration of mystery. It no longer existed by the divine will. It was the fortune of battle, and the slave, by a reverse of fortune, might become the master.

Feudalism, the third stage, was not precisely slavery. The slave became a serf, attached to the soil, instead of being merely a personal chattel. His life became of some consideration, and he had a sort of precarious right of property.

A privileged order of nobility, divested of feudal privileges, indicates the destruction of feudalism. The serf has become a commoner. In this new revolution the life, liberty, and property of the plebeian have acquired safeguards, and though still exposed to great injury and oppression, his condition is immeasurably in advance of that of the slave of the theocracy, the Helot of military conquest, or the serf of feudalism.

These successive revolutions seem to have followed each other with the accelerated velocity of a falling body. The duration of the theocracy is unknown; but it is probable that it continued longer than the institution, which succeeded it; for the earliest traditions of the race point to it as belonging even then to the hoariest antiquity. Slavery by conquest existed more than three thousand years; feudalism, to which it gave place, continued eleven hundred; while within two hundred years after the overthrow of feudalism, a *privileged* nobility had ceased to exist in France, and the American Revolution had annihilated forever, as a social institution, all distinction of ranks—*in the Caucasian race.* Constant wrote his work, I believe, before the noted "*Three Days of Paris*," and the consecration of the "Citizen King." Be it added now, then, that that almost bloodless revolution was separated by an interval of only forty years from the so-absurdly-enough called "Horrors of the French Revolution," and by only ten or fifteen years from the battle of Waterloo, and the restoration of the old dynasty in the person of "Louis the Desired;" and we may say with a comfortable degree of courage and hope, as Constant said,—"They, who write within the next fifty years, will have many other steps to trace." And when we remember, that within the last lustrum, the magnificent West India Revolution has been effected; that a similar revolution is preparing, and almost ready to be evolved in the French Indies of both hemispheres; that the "pledged philanthropy of earth" has assembled, in the commercial metropolis of the world, in

a "World's Convention," in sympathy and for the redress of the black man's wrongs; and that seven thousand men in these United States have bound themselves by an oath to take no rest, till they have vanquished slavery here with the freeman's weapon at the ballot-box; may we not include the *African* race with the Caucasian, in our encouraging cry,—"*Frisch zu, Bruder*,"—Courage, brother; much as the devil has to do in it, the earth still belongs to the Lord!

I have indicated thus particularly the political progress of mankind, because political institutions and monuments denote, more conclusively than any other, the actual condition of Humanity, of man in his spiritual development; and because this progress seems to me to be more decisively transcendental. Popular institutions, including in this connexion religious establishments, inasmuch as the religious and political development of nations are very intimately connected,—being, as has been said and repeated, the expression of the prevailing ideas of a nation; its forms of government and legislation, which are concerned with the rights of man, *as man*, are the only tolerably accurate tests of the position of man in the mass, of the progress of Humanity towards individual freedom, and universal equality. Hence, his social and political environments are of much higher importance than his scientific progress. Man's freedom is the essence of his being; and the nearer he is to a state of absolute independence of will and action, the more perfectly will his whole nature be developed, and his destiny on earth accomplished. Man's scientific culture, as science is understood, is by no means the highest object, and is for the most part material and mechanical. His progress in science, practical arts, industry, mechanical invention, in everything relating to the outward embellishment and physicial comfort of society, has been rapid in proportion as progress in these is more easy, as it depends more on individual endeavor, as it is aided, if not wholly carried on by sensation and mechanism, as it does not require the largest development of the highest powers of the mind, and as it is opposed by few inward or outward difficulties. Political institutions, the most hostile to individual liberty, have been, and are, the most zealous promoters of letters,

science, and exterior culture. The reign of the Roman Augustus has passed into a proverb. The Augustan age of France denotes the reign of him, who could say, "*I am the State*," and carry it out. We all know how it is at present with the three imperial and royal personages, who conceived and instituted the "*Holy Alliance.*"

But in all the relations of man the law of progress is constant and universal. In all departments it has been transcendental. Man has been indebted to mechanism only for the means of effecting it, and the modes of recording and perpetuating it. The great ideas, in which reforms and revolutions have originated, have not resulted from any calculation of profit and loss, ingenious inquiries concerning the balance of trade, nor any of the processes of the logic of experience, or of mechanical combination. They have been founded in the perception of a spiritual truth, an insight of the invisible, an invincible dissatisfaction with the seen and actual, and a strong yearning for something yet unknown, better able than the present to realize the deep-felt possibilities, the infinite yearnings of man's spirit. This seems to me to be obvious enough in relation to religious and political reforms. But even in things more immediately connected with the material world, and within the more direct sphere of the senses, we find the same necessity of referring to a higher faculty than sensible experience, to account for progress. The falling of an apple is said to have suggested to Newton the law of gravity. If all the ideas in the universe, accessible to the senses, had been in Newton's mind at that moment, and the wonder-working apple had fallen plump into the midst of them all; still, how were it possible, with those materials alone, to work out the immaterial, purely abstract idea of gravity, a pure force, invisible, but all-pervading and universal, intangible, yet all-controlling, not to be perceived by any one, nor all the senses, and yet binding the material universe together in unfailing order, and perfect harmony? In like manner it may be seen, that the great discoveries in science, and inventions in arts, presuppose an order of ideas not supplied by the external senses; beyond their reach; and which are necessary to give vitality, practicability, and even reality, to the communications of the senses.

But, returning to the political progress of mankind; it is evident that this progress is the result of a perception, faint at first, but becoming clearer in each epoch, of the principle of the natural equality of all men. This is one of the ultimate facts in man's history. The earliest political convulsions exhibit glimpses of it. The earliest political and religious revolutions have aimed at, and tended to develope it. From theocratic slavery, through military servitude, feudal vassalage, the almost empty subordination to a privileged nobility, and the nominal parity of rights in a republic, this great principle has steadily advanced, in a great degree unconsciously on the part of the agents in revolutions, towards its fulfilment. Every new revolution is a new approximation to it. Every successful resistance of oppression is an earnest of its triumph. Even those revolutions, in which liberty seems to be cloven down, scatter wider its seeds, and prepare the way for a broader regeneration. These times are full of "millennial fire-shadowings" of its coming. Its ultimate establishment, as the universal law of earth, towards which the march of progress is advancing with accelerating steps, will be the consummation of man's political destinies.

It is not an unimportant inquiry, but one of the deepest significance, what is the origin and foundation of this idea? Does its truth depend on our being able to deduce it argumentatively from outward experience? to prove it as the nett result of an arithmetical calculation and balancing of pro and con, why and why not? Can man's equal right to freedom be legitimated only from without? Is it the conclusion of a syllogism, of which the eye and the ear alone can furnish the major and minor propositions? Or is it an essential element of self-consciousness, without which we cease to be? a truth to be attained and comprehended as readily and as fully, by the ignorant peasant, as by the subtlest dialectician; and the proof of which lies not in an appeal to earth, and the earthly in man, but to Heaven, and the universal spiritual intuitions of Humanity?

The idea of man's equality is not derived from his birth. Inequalities of physical organization, and moral and intellectual differences, which cannot be accounted for by the observation of outward phenomena, are apparent almost from the moment of his entrance into life. The condition

of his earliest years would lead to a different view of his appointed destiny.

It would not be the result of the observation of his social condition, in any age or nation. Inequality appears everywhere to be the law of his present being. Some of the race are born in the purple, inheritors of absolute authority over the liberties and lives of their fellows; surrounded from the cradle by all the environments of grandeur and luxury; to whom Nature and Art seem appointed to minister with all their treasures. Others, and far a greater number, whose doom, too, is not written upon the skin, first look out into life from squalid hovels; cradled in poverty and rags; with no inheritance but the universal air, which cannot be exclusively appropriated; doomed to go on from infancy to age, the slaves of toil, laboring and suffering that others may be idle and enjoy; debarred from all knowledge but what is derived from having sounded all the depths of wretchedness; and thus pass to their graves from generation to generation, degraded and hopeless in life, and the consciousness of a higher life almost erased. Between these extremes society is a system of inequality in manifold gradations. The intellectual manifestations of men, though by no means coincident with their physical condition, would lead to a similar result. What premises has logic here, by what induction can it draw forth the regenerating doctrine of equality?

Nor is this idea presented in the sum total of man's condition, as wrought out in history. There man is always and everywhere exhibited in the horizontal division of rulers and subjects by inheritance; of those, whose right it is to oppress, and those, whose inexorable duty is submission. The social institutions of every nation in every age have been founded upon a denial of this principle. The republics of antiquity had no conception of it. No revolution, till within the last half century, though aiming expressly at the improvement of the condition of the subject orders, has asserted it. One recent attempt to embody it in political institutions terminated in a military despotism; from which logic, justly enough according to its light, concluded that it was a falsehood and chimera, without foundation in the universe. One nation has solemnly announced it as the highest social truth, and professedly made it the

basis of its political establishments. Yet that same nation has shown that it has little practical faith in it; and that the most hopeful believers believe in it with important limitations, and regard it very much in the light of a philanthropic experiment, of which the result is rather doubtful. One half of the nation openly treats it in practice as a lie, to which it is not bound to pay even an outward respect. The other half not only acquiesces in this contumely on the part of the first, but in the development of its own institutions has effectively nullified it, in manifold respects, and fully realized it in none. The logic of sense, then, if we allow it the power to draw moral conclusions, would infer from the condition and history of the race, either that this idea is a falsehood unmixed; or, if it may contain a portion of truth, that it is a pure, useless abstraction, or only applicable on certain conditions, and in certain circumstances, which have not yet occurred in its experience, and of the occurrence of which all its analogies contain no promise.

But this idea is, nevertheless, a reality, in spite of the lame conclusions of forensic logic. It rests on a surer basis than sensation, or reasoning from outward phenomena, or any of the mechanical elements of man's nature. And well for man that it has a higher sanction; that it is not of the earth, earthy, and subject to be cavilled at, doubted, or denied, according to the reflection it receives from outward things, from the contradictions of his social condition, and the anomalies of the political systems to which he has been subjected. State to any one, whose interests or passions are not concerned in denying it, that a man is a man: that simple declaration invests him with sacredness, strips off all the outward garbs of reverence or shame, which accident has put upon him, and places him, in his original divinity, upon that broad platform, where there is nothing above him, or below him. This principle, then, in the words of another, is "a deep, solemn, vital truth, written by the Almighty in the laws of our being, and pleaded for by all that is noble and just in the promptings of our nature." It is, as the noblest declaration of human rights ever announced to the world, asserts, "a self-evident truth;" a truth based, like the faith in the All-perfect, in the intuitions of man's soul, placing his

right to freedom on an immovable basis, as unchangeable as the attributes of the Creator, and making every act of oppression of man by his fellow, not only a personal wrong, but a crime against Heaven. This truth, thus authenticated, inspires a deep, religious love of man as a friend, and a brother united to ourselves by a common and equal destiny; a truth, which scorns the miserable distinctions of color, birth, and condition, and compels us, whatever defacements he may have suffered from society, or himself, still to regard him as a brother, whom we are to love and labor for; a truth, which gives and receives illustration from all the events in man's history, when viewed in its light, and forbids us to despair for Humanity, even in its darkest fortunes. A truth, which inspires invincible faith in man, and confidence in his fortunes; and in relation to him, as to all things, leaving the dead past to bury its dead, and retaining only "its immortal children," rejoices and courageously acts in the living present, trusting, with unwavering hope, in the transcendent destiny, which lies rolled up for him in the future, and which the past and the present have been, and are, working together with the future in unfolding.

Let me illustrate the relations of this subject in another aspect. The most striking characteristic of this age is its mechanical tendency. This is observable not only where it might be expected, in the industry and physical culture of society, of which mechanism is the appropriate instrument. The old modes of production are superseded by easier and more rapid mechanical processes. Machinery supplies the place of human labor; the fleet horse has yielded to fleeter steam; and the winds become laggards before its powerful and untiring wings. All the material business of society is accomplished with a precision, rapidity, and productiveness, more than realizing the most fantastic visions of the seers of the past.

But this mechanical tendency is observable, and its footsteps are becoming daily more deeply imprinted in the departments of society, not apparently lying within its province. And this seems to be the natural result of a philosophy relying exclusively upon the senses, or which, at the most, can have conceptions of the spiritual only through the medium of matter. The results of such a

philosophy must be essentially material. Beholding the almost omnipotence of machinery over the material forces of nature, and the physical miracles it works; its logical inference must be, that mechanism is the ultimate force in the universe, and an equal wonder-worker in moral, as in physical things. Moral force, if there be such a force, is absolutely inert and powerless, unless set in motion by a material mainspring. The indications of such a faith are but too apparent in the whole life and activity of society. They are visible in the almost exclusive devotion to the sciences conversant alone with the outward. The physical sciences are chiefly cultivated, and that mechanically, being reduced to mere classification and nomenclature. — In theology, which has no absolute demonstration of a God; but only some ambiguous glimpses of him in the curious mechanical contrivances and adaptations of matter, which it has discovered by means of its telescopes, microscopes, dissections, and other mechanical aids. — In morals, which look for a sure foundation, not in the infinite, intuitive sentiment of *duty*, of *right*, "which enters every abode, and delivers its message to every breast;" but in some demonstrable fitness of things, some calculation of profit and loss, which it calls utility, or at the highest, some single, positive, material revelation of the divine will to a remote age. — As in its foundation moral science is thus material, it is equally mechanical in its instruments. Moral reformers seldom rely upon the spiritual power of their doctrine, but upon the aptness of their contrivances, the mechanical power of association, the material energy of combined action, and the force of public opinion. The prophet is of less account than the warrior. — In politics, government is a machine, by the gradual perfecting of which mankind is to be made free and happy; instead of being regarded as the result and the record of man's progressive advance towards freedom and happiness. Hence too exclusive reliance is placed upon institutions, statutes, forms, and material forces. — In the aims of politicians, which point only to the improvement of the physical, economical, *immediately* practical condition of the people. — In the means of political operation most relied on; trained and drilled organizations, and other mechanical appliances, too often subjecting the individual judgment to the party

will, and thus in effect imposing upon him the slavery he seeks by these means to get rid of. — In the popular rules of judgment and action in morals and politics. Here the inquiry is not concerning the absolutely right, the right in itself; but what will be profitable, what politic. The ultimate appeal is not to man's conscience, but to his interests. Expediency sits upon the throne; and men, as politicians, feel at liberty to postpone their most solemn convictions of truth, when it appears at present unattainable, and to aid in upholding an acknowledged falsehood, until the political machinery, in some of its chance evolutions, shall come against and crush it.

This tendency is exhibited in the reverence for public opinion, the fear of uttering boldly what is in the thought; forgetting that as truth is to the ALL, so to each individual man his own convictions are the highest thing in the universe; and that whoso falsifies the truth in his mind, were it only by compromising it, pays sacrifice to the devil, and enlarges the borders of the empire of darkness.

In the ends and modes of education, which aims chiefly at the outward, the material, physical science, by means of Peter Parleys and Boards of Education, with their systems diagrams, atlases, pretended purports of history, and other machinery adapted to attain the great end of knowledge made easy.

And finally, this tendeney is manifested in its great result, — the prevailing unbelief in the power of individual endeavor. "I am but one, and the race is numberless. What can I do?" And thus no man thinks of undertaking any enterprise without first securing the aid of an association or party, provided with all the nicely adjusted, patent machinery, by which society is regulated and impelled. Failing in this, with his most earnest canvassing for partisans, he consoles himself for giving it up by the reflection, that the times and the fates are unpropitious. Short-sighted coward! If but one, does he not know that he is omnipotent for himself, and responsible for himself, and not another for him? Was it truth he was desirous to promote? And does he not know; does not the whole past, with its Christs, Luthers, Foxes, Wesleys, and its hosts of prophets and reformers, answer to his own deep hopes; that truth, and not mechanism, governs the uni-

verse; that it is faith, and not machinery, which is to work out the infinite destinies of mankind; that the poorest, toil-begrimed and disfigured workman, with living faith in a truth, is a match for all the machinery in the world, set in motion by falsehood; nay, more than a match, by the whole difference between Heaven and earth, time and eternity?

Thus everything is reduced to logic and ratiocination; and as men believe nothing but what there is a visible or tangible reason for; so they have no conception of power, but as an engine, with wheels, and springs, and levers. Through the whole compass of society, "this faith in mechanism has now struck its roots deep into man's most intimate primary sources of conviction; and is thence sending up, over his whole life and activity, innumerable stems, fruit-bearing and poison-bearing. The fact is, men have lost their faith in the invisible, and believe, and hope, and work only in the visible."

This exclusive cultivation of the outward, in so far as it has facilitated and increased the productiveness of industry, and multiplied the means and rapidity of communication, has undoubtedly been attended with many benefits; though perhaps the evils as yet have exceeded them. The present perfection of machinery has increased wealth, and the means of wealth; but it has increased accumulation, tended to concentrate wealth in few hands, and thus enlarge the inequalities of social conditions, and by the machinery of associations founded on wealth, to give to classes and corporations advantages similar to those possessed by the feudalisms and aristocracies, which our social systems have rejected. Besides, it is asserted by competent observers, that modern machinery has actually increased the daily amount, and diminished the reward of individual human labor. In introducing the labor of children in the operations of machinery, an amount of evil has been inflicted on the world, of which the revelations of eternity alone can disclose the extent. At present, the perfection of machinery has given a new impulse to, if it has not created the inordinate, all-engrossing desire of wealth, so strongly marked in the character of our times.

Yet these results, even if they were to be permanent, are less pernicious than the destruction of moral force, of faith and hope in its power, which is indicated and caused

by the mechanical character of the age. But this is not the end. The ultimate effects of machinery upon society have scarcely yet been conceived of. Moral force is, after all, the parent of all other force, creating and controlling, and making all subservient to the spiritual advancement of man. Material mechanism cannot extinguish the deep, primary intuitions of the soul; but for a time suppress them. The mighty power acquired by mechanical combinations is not long to be monopolized, but to be made the grand instrument of individual and social progress. Man has not been permitted to discover, and subject to his use, so many physicial agents, only that he might "build more houses, weave more cloth, forge more iron," and multiply his material enjoyments, without any direct regard to his moral and intellectual improvement. The abridgments of labor are destined to benefit all mankind, and every individual; and the abundance of production is to be communicated impartially to the whole race. It would not be difficult to point out some of the steps, by which this result is to be reached;—a result not the less certain, though we could trace no step of the process, by which it may be wrought out—when every man, by the impartial enjoyment of the advantages of machinery, shall be released from the necessity of more labor, than is necessary to secure a sound mind in a sound body; when not a portion only of society shall live in luxury, while the masses remain slaves of toil, mere beasts of burden; but every man shall enjoy undisturbed leisure for the cultivation of his higher nature; when all the Lord's people shall be prophets, and the transcendental principle of the entire equality of all men before the Common Father be established, as the universal law of earth, superseding institutions, and abolishing all the distinctions which now divide man into governors and people, representatives and constituents, employers and employed, givers and receivers of wages, artizans, laborers, lawyers, priests, kings, and commoners; and man be reckoned as man, not to be characterized and defined by his accidents, not to be measured by what is lowest, but by what is highest in him.

Does this seem a mere phantasm—a delusion? Nay, if there be anything to be learned from man acting in the past, it is that his whole history has been preparing for

such a consummation. If there be any certainty in the deepest convictions of man's soul, such is the destiny appointed him. If there be any truth in the symbols of that Book, which Christians receive as a revelation of the highest truth, God himself has announced it.

Man's past history, as we have seen, is the record of his obedience to that "deep commandment," dimly at first, but in each succeeding epoch more clearly discerned, of his whole being, "to have dominion,"—to be *free*. "Freedom is the one purport, wisely aimed at, or unwisely, of all man's toilings, struggles, sufferings in this earth." The generation of the present man is busily doing its part in unfolding this destiny, and giving its demonstration of the universal intuitions. Active as are the movements, deep-rooted and widely-spread the power of mechanism; the moral force of man is still asserting its right to rule his fortunes. Behind the mechanical movement, there is a deeper, more earnest spiritual movement, in which the former must be absorbed, and made to coöperate. This movement is expressed in the wide-felt dissatisfaction with the present, the earnest inquiry for something better than the past has transmitted, or the present attained, in morals, religion, philosophy, education, in everything that concerns the spiritual culture of man. It is indicated most decisively, where perhaps it is needed most, in the popular efforts for large civil and religious liberty. The depth of this movement cannot be measured by the senses. It defeats all the calculations of logic. The old despotisms are not alone affected by it; but it is most earnest in the freest nations. It laughs at all the political mechanisms, which are contrived to restrain it, whether in the shape of "Restoration of the Bourbons," Holy Alliances, Citizen Kings, Reform Bills, or Constitutional Compromises. The advent of a "Louis the Desired," cannot prevent "Three Days of July;" Carbonari and Chartist rebellions break out in spite of Congresses of Vienna, and disfranchisement of rotten boroughs; *Citizen* Kings do not find their thrones couches of down, nor their crowns wreaths of roses; and fraudulent Constitutions of the United States, which guaranty perpetual slavery to one sixth of the people, do not satisfy the remaining five sixths, that, with respect to them, the right of suffrage, and a parchment

declaration of rights, fill all man's conceptions of the liberty for which he was created. Doubtless there is much folly, even madness, and much aimless endeavor, in these movements; as no popular movement, nor even much earnest individual striving after an object worth striving for, is without a portion, more or less, of such. I am not now characterizing the present movements by their degree of wisdom or folly, insight or blindness. I refer to them as the working of a principle deep planted in the inmost being of man, and pointing to a state of higher attainment and more perfect freedom; of which we can, at present, conceive but the faintest foreshadowings; higher than mere political freedom, and perfecting of institutions; which institutions can in no wise represent or embody; which all uttered and unuttered prophecy indicates; when Christ, in all his true, divine significance, shall reign upon the earth.

Through toil, and suffering, and blood, the race has advanced thus far towards its destiny. Through toil, and suffering, and blood, the remainder of its course is doubtless appointed. Through suffering alone can the race, as the individual, be perfected. The progress and the result are to be obtained by man's endeavor. To the race, too, as to the individual, is it appointed to work out its own salvation, in coöperation with Him, who is also working in man's purposes. For this was man endowed with the faculty of prophecy and insight, that he might be a prophet and a seer. But it is to be remembered, that only the *power* is given to man, with freedom of will. The rest must be all his own work. The Lord's people are not all prophets; and doubtless most of the evils humanity has suffered and is suffering, the crimes and follies which disfigure its history, are the consequences of his want of faith in his intuitions. Man's true life is in the unseen. His truest culture is of those faculties, which connect him with the invisible, and disclose to him the meaning, which lies in the material forms by which he is surrounded. The highest science is that, "which treats of, and practically addresses the primary, unmodified forces and energies of man, the mysterious springs of love, and fear, and wonder, and enthusiasm, poetry, religion, all which have a truly vital and *infinite* character." For this culture the spirit of man has its own exhaustless resources within, and the

material creation speaks to it in thousand-voiced prophecy. The heavens and the earth, the stars and the flowers, the winds and the waves, all that is seen, and felt, and heard, contain revelations. Infancy is a prophecy, with its unclouded eye, over which the shadows of earth have not yet passed, to dim the hues of its celestial birthplace. Childhood, yet bright in its beautiful unfolding; manhood, with its dissatisfaction, its busy restlessness, ever seeking, never finding, its scheming activity, with or without an end, or conscious aim; age, approaching the summing up of life, and recounting its chequered experience; history, as it traces the eventful progress of the race; science, unfolding the immensity of the material universe; the great and good of the past, revealing the wondrous possibilities of man's nature; the good he enjoys, no less than the evil he suffers; even his follies and crimes; all phenomena, and all events in his experience; all suggest inquiry into the problem of life, and man's destiny, and at the same time furnish him the means of solving it.

SONNET TO ——.

Thou art like that which is most sweet and fair,
A gentle morning in the youth of Spring,
When the few early birds begin to sing,
Within the delicate depths of the fine air;
Yet shouldst thou these dear beauties much impair,
Since thou art better, than is everything
Which or the woods, or skies, or green fields bring,
And finer thoughts hast thou than they can wear.
In the proud sweetness of thy grace, I see
What lies within, — a pure and steadfast mind,
Which its own mistress is, of sanctity,
And to all gentleness hath it been refined,
So that thy least thought falleth upon me
As the soft breathing of midsummer-wind.

LETTER.

Zoar, Ohio, Aug. 9, 1838.

"HAVE you ever been to Zoar?" said a gentleman to a lady in our presence the other evening. "Where is Zoar?" said I, and then followed the description which induced us to take the canal boat for this place at four o'clock, Tuesday afternoon. About the same hour, Wednesday, we perceived an enormous edifice, new and beautifully white, contrasting with the green of the woods, built on each side of the canal, and forming a pretty arched bridge over it; this we were told was the new mill at Zoar, the largest to be seen in the country. Here committing our luggage to the barrow of a stout little German boy, we wound our way up the bank, and through shady lanes planted with rows of trees on each side for half a mile, to the inn of the community, which, with its red sloping roof and pretty piazzas shaded with locusts, stands in the midst of the settlement. But I will give some little history of this place, before I describe our visit to it. About twenty years since two hundred individuals, men, women, and children, who had separated themselves sometime before from the Lutheran church, and resemble the Quakers more than any other sect, and who had selected a teacher by the name of Baumler for their teacher and leader, came out to this country to seek a retreat where they might enjoy undisturbed their own faith. They selected this lovely valley on the banks of the Tuscarawas, and side by side with the river the canal now runs. The valley contains some of the most fertile land in the State. It was then uncleared forest. They encamped under a wide spreading oak, whose stump they yesterday showed us, and went to work. Three trustees were appointed to counsel their leader and limit his power, and the little band formed themselves into a society, which should have all things in common, the land to be held in the name of Baumler, and all the responsibility and headwork to devolve upon him.

They were in debt for their land when they began, and now are said to have a capital of three hundred thousand dollars, and the interest of this they do not encroach upon, unless

some great enterprise is to be undertaken, as the building of a mill, &c. They cleared the land, built houses regularly arranged in squares, separated by pretty shady lanes, surrounded by little grass plats and ornamented by vines, and at first adopted the Shaker method of men and women living separately, those who were already married relinquishing their husbands and wives, and the young persons forbidden to form any connexions. This regulation was observed for fourteen years, and then was abolished, each man returning to his former wife, and those who had none selecting them. They also relinquish the use of pork, on account of the evil spirits which they suppose still have possession of the swine, and the exquisite neatness of their lanes and yards may be attributed in great part to the absence of these filthy animals, which overrun every town and village of the western country. The population of Zoar has diminished rather than increased. Fifty inhabitants died of the cholera, and all the young persons, who were bound to them, at the end of their apprenticeship prefer the risk of self-support with independence, to the safe and tranquil but constrained mode of life of the community; and as they are permitted to leave if they choose, are many of them enjoying their flourishing farms in other parts of the State, probably prizing the little word *mein*, more than any in their native tongue. The children of the settlers usually remain, and there are at present in the society about a hundred and forty individuals. They have a justice of the peace who attends to their little legal business, but no physician and no minister. Baumler attends to their few and simple maladies, and preaches to them on Sundays; not, as one of them told us, that the elder ones did not know how to behave and conduct according to the golden rule as well as he, but the young folks need to be taught.

When we had taken possession of the neat and airy parlor of the inn, whose plain white walls were adorned with a few colored engravings, in good taste, imported by B—— for the purpose, our landlady was summoned by her husband to welcome us; and a more beautiful face I never saw in her class of life, so kind and benignant in its expression. Her dress was precisely that of every individual of the society on working days. An indigo blue calico, such

as is worn by many of our people, tight sleeves, a white, homespun, twilled cotton shirtee with a square collar, a large long tire coming down to the bottom of the dress, white as snow, and a little cap on the back of the head without a frill, of the same material as the dress, and very becoming to old and young, with the hair carried strait back from the forehead. The field hands, who are principally young girls, wear in addition enormous hats of coarse straw, with very low crowns. All have small, colored handkerchiefs round their necks crossed before. These and the calico are purchased and distributed in the society; but everything else is of domestic manufacture. While our gute frau had gone to make ready our room, the guter mann brought us a bottle of the pure juice of the grape, nine years old, made from their own wine garden; this with water was a cool and refreshing beverage for us, who were almost frantic with heat. We were soon shown to our room, a white-washed one, neat as possible, with its snow-white curtains, green blinds, and window looking out upon the piazza, overhung with the branches of the large locust trees, through which a glimpse could be caught of the lovely country at a distance. We were refreshed with the coolest spring water. The bed was of sweet corn husks, covered with home-made check clothes and home-made linen sheets of the purest whiteness.

When we went below our supper was ready in the neat back parlor, and we found it the perfection of rural fare, the richest of milk and butter, the best of cheese, the whitest and lightest of bread, and simple cake, with dried beef. After tea the gentlemen of our party sent to see if Baumler was disengaged, for he receives visits like a king, and it is evidently his policy to keep at a dignified distance both from his own people and strangers; but he was occupied with his three trustees, who meet him every evening to make arrangements and plan work for the community for the next day. The only carriage and horses in the village, though nominally belonging to the community, are kept in Baumler's barn. The people choose their leader should have the best house in the place; accordingly the palace opposite the inn is the best built dwelling we have seen in the country, spacious, and in thorough order. After our

breakfast, at which we found a few more guests than the night before, Mr. —— went over to pay his respects to B., whom he found rather advanced in years, dressed in a plain blue sailor's jacket and trowsers, with a straw hat, which he doffs for no one. His address was polite, but very distant. No compliments were offered by him, and no interest expressed in what was going on abroad. His countenance is striking, decided but calm, with a full grey eye, very mild in its expression. He evidently is nothing of a philanthropist, and this lessens our interest in the community. His business talents are great, and he bears lightly the responsibility of all the pecuniary transactions of the society, which are extensive. He loves influence, and has consummate skill in the exercise of it, and we could see oppression nowhere, abundance every where, but the most rigid discipline connected with it. The punishments are very simple. If persons conduct ill, they are sometimes sent to the opposite side of the river, to reside for a few months on probation, and if they are found incorrigible, they are banished entirely from the society. Intemperance is unknown, strong drink being forbidden, and idleness quite unheared of. No one is hurried or busy, though all are employed.

After Mr. —— returned from his visit, we went to see the garden which was very near, intending to extend our walk farther, if the extreme heat of the day was not too overpowering; but our interest was so great, and the places where we stopped so exquisitely neat and cool, that we seemed to feel the heat less and less as we advanced, and we were out the whole morning, without suffering from it. First we went through the garden of two acres with its turfed walks, grape-vine arbors, with seats under the shade, and came to the green-house, surrounded with large lemon and orange trees. The collection of plants is small, but in high order; and as it is the only establishment of the kind in the vicinity, persons come a hundred miles, to purchase flowers and seeds from it. A few shillings repaid the gardener for our pleasant walk and cool seat in the shade, and induced him cheerfully to show us some of the most interesting parts of the establishment. We passed down a shady lane to the cool baking house (which seems a contradiction in terms) where two single wo-

men, in their picturesque dress, do all the baking for the community; each family sending morning and night for its allowance, which consists of five loaves, or one according to its size. After this we went to the dairy, where all the butter and cheese are made, cool as an ice house, with running water passing through it. Pots of milk, with the cream rising, were ranged around. Small new cheeses were piled on the shelves, and large tubs of butter in the centre. The gardener's introduction, and the information that we had come "eighty mile" to see their settlement, and were from "Boston tausend mile off" on a "lust-reise," filled them with wonder and delight, and was a sure passport to their good graces. So many smiling, benevolent, and intelligent faces I never saw in so short a time; and it was amazing to find how our German vocabulary expanded under the influence of the kind reception we met with, and by the effort to repay these words of kindness by intelligible language; for there is hardly any English spoken here, particularly among the women.

The dairy women treated us to a clean mug of buttermilk, and we went to the weavers, where we found the good-man and his wife, who supply the society with woollen cloth, working in their pleasant airy rooms, while a child of twelve tended the baby. The women here are as much at leisure, so far as household affairs and tending children is concerned, as the most fashionable lady could desire; for the cooking is done at one large establishment, where they go to eat, and have every variety of country fare, but are allowed meat only twice a week, and their children are taken from them at three, and put under the care of matrons, the boys in one house, and the girls in another, till they are old enough to be of use, when they tend cattle, mow, reap, or do any other kind of field work. They have no task set, at least among the older members; but each does the most he can out of doors and in. The gardener consigned us to the care of the weaver, who devoted the whole morning to us. We found him a very intelligent man, who spoke English well, and gave us all the information we desired. He first took us to the boys' dwelling, where we found fifteen or twenty healthy, happy little urchins braiding coarse straw hats; for they have no

school in summer, and I rather think receive very little education at any season. We went up to their sleeping apartment, a large airy room with clean beds, and a furnace by which it can be heated in winter. By the time we came down, some of the field hands had come to the piazza to take their lunch of bread and home-made beer, of which we felt no reluctance to partake. We then went to the house for little girls, where there seemed to be more play going on than work, and where I was particularly charmed with their clean and abundant wardrobes, arranged in partitions against the walls of their sleeping room, with a closet full of little colored muslin, and white linen caps, with white frills for their Sunday wear.

Their church is a simple apartment, where they assemble on Sunday, carefully dressed, and commence with music, which is said to be remarkably good. They have no devotional exercises but those of the heart. After a short period of silence, Baumler addresses a discourse to them, and music closes the service. He plays on the piano, and others on the flute and bass viol. Attendance on worship among the elder people is entirely voluntary. They have no ceremony at their weddings but assembling two or three witnesses, who sign a paper, that they have been present at this union; and their funerals are without any form whatever, except that the family follows the body of their friend to the grave. We next visited the carding room, where we found machinery similar to that in our manufactories, tended by old people and children. We visited the mill used by the community, after we had examined the landscapes and flowerpieces of the head man at the last place, a very old person and self-taught, whose devotion of his leisure hours to the fine arts, and the triumphant exhibition of them by our guide, were productive of more pleasure to us, as indicating some love of culture, amid all the toil of their active lives, than we could obtain from the works themselves. We next visited the cabinet maker, who, like all the other persons we saw, was laboring tranquilly and leisurely without any appearance of task work. From the cabinet maker's we ascended half way a beautifully wooded hill with the orchard on top, passing through a wicket gate and up a little winding path among the trees, we came to the cottage of Katrina and

her old assistant, who take care of the poultry. A large hen barn, duck and turkey house comprise this establishment, and we found the mistress of it with her big hat on supplying their little troughs with fresh water. After looking at her poultry, she took us to the room where she keeps the pottery made in the community, which is of the plainest and neatest kind, and out of one of her little mugs she fed us, as she does her poultry, with a cool draught of spring water. We returned to our inn to dinner, where we found a large company from the neighboring towns. At four P. M., after a delightful shower, that made all nature radiant, though it did not diminish the intense heat, we took *the carriage*, and drove through a romantic country to Bolivar, to visit the furnace and iron works which belong to the settlement, though out of it, and carried on by hired persons not of the community. Returning we stopped at the wine garden. It covers the slope of a sunny hill, half a mile from the village. The vines are trained on short poles like hops, and bear the fruit principally on the lower part. We rode home by the way of the extensive hop garden, luxuriant and fragrant, and more graceful and beautiful than all the vineyards in the world.

After tea we went out to see the milking, the most interesting scene of the place. Down a lane, just opposite the inn, is an immense barn-yard and barn, with a house at one end for the cow girls and another at the other for cow boys. There are three houses. At early morning they go out to their milking, and after it they may be seen with their leathern wallets containing their food for the day, slung under one arm, sallying forth, some with their detachments of cows and sheep, and others with the young cattle, to their respective grazing spots; while you meet women with large tubs of milk on their heads taking it to the village dairy. About seven in the evening the whole herd is back again; you hear the cow bells far off in the distance, and then commences the evening milking. After this the horn is blown, and one may see the lads and lasses, each by themselves, collecting in the piazzas of their houses for their evening meal. Our trunks are packed, and in a few minutes we are to leave this lovely spot, probably never to realize the wish, that we might pass a season in the midst of its rural pleasures and country fare. We may see fine

scenery, but nowhere in our country such easy countenances, free from care, and so picturesque a population. Every individual gives a smiling greeting, and even the young girl driving her team speaks in a gentle musical tone.

LINES.

You go to the woods — what there have you seen?
Quivering leaves glossy and green;
Lights and shadows dance to and fro,
Beautiful flowers in the soft moss grow.
Is the secret of these things known to you?
Can you tell what gives the flower its hue?
Why the oak spreads out its limbs so wide?
And the graceful grape-vine grows by its side?
Why clouds full of sunshine are piled on high?
What sends the wind to sweep through the sky?
No! the secret of Nature I do not know —
A poor groping child, through her marvels I go!

SONNET.

"To die is gain."

Where are the terrors that escort King Death,
That hurl pale Reason from her trembling throne?
Why should man shudder to give up his breath?
Why fear the path, though naked and alone,
That *must* lead up to scenes more clear and bright,
Than bloom amid this world's dim clouded night?
Is not his God beside, around, above,
Shall he not trust in His unbounded love?
Oh, yes! Let others dread thee if they will,
I'll welcome thee, O death, and call thee friend,
Come to release me from these loads of ill,
These lengthened penances I here fulfil,
To give me wings, wherewith I may ascend,
And with the soul of God my soul may blend!

Hugh Peters.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Essays and Poems. By Jones Very. Boston: C. C. Little and James Brown.

This little volume would have received an earlier notice, if we had been at all careful to proclaim our favorite books. The genius of this book is religious, and reaches an extraordinary depth of sentiment. The author, plainly a man of a pure and kindly temper, casts himself into the state of the high and transcendental obedience to the inward Spirit. He has apparently made up his mind to follow all its leadings, though he should be taxed with absurdity or even with insanity. In this enthusiasm he writes most of these verses, which rather flow through him than from him. There is no *composition*, no elaboration, no artifice in the structure of the rhyme, no variety in the imagery; in short, no pretension to literary merit, for this would be departure from his singleness, and followed by loss of insight. He is not at liberty even to correct these unpremeditated poems for the press; but if another will publish them, he offers no objection. In this way they have come into the world, and as yet have hardly begun to be known. With the exception of the few first poems, which appear to be of an earlier date, all these verses bear the unquestionable stamp of grandeur. They are the breathings of a certain entranced devotion, which one would say, should be received with affectionate and sympathizing curiosity by all men, as if no recent writer had so much to show them of what is most their own. They are as sincere a litany as the Hebrew songs of David or Isaiah, and only less than they, because indebted to the Hebrew muse for their tone and genius. This makes the singularity of the book, namely, that so pure an utterance of the most domestic and primitive of all sentiments should in this age of revolt and experiment use once more the popular religious language, and so show itself secondary and morbid. These sonnets have little range of topics, no extent of observation, no playfulness; there is even a certain torpidity in the concluding lines of some of them, which reminds one of church hymns; but, whilst they flow with great sweetness, they have the sublime unity of the Decalogue or the Code of Menu, and

if as monotonous, yet are they almost as pure as the sounds of surrounding Nature. We gladly insert from a newspaper the following sonnet, which appeared since the volume was printed.

THE BARBERRY BUSH.

The bush that has most briars and bitter fruit,
Wait till the frost has turned its green leaves red,
Its sweetened berries will thy palate suit,
And thou may'st find e'en there a homely bread.
Upon the hills of Salem scattered wide,
Their yellow blossoms gain the eye in Spring;
And straggling e'en upon the turnpike's side,
Their ripened branches to your hand they bring,
I 've plucked them oft in boybood's early hour,
That then I gave such name, and thought it true;
But now I know that other fruit as sour
Grows on what now thou callest *Me* and *You;*
Yet, wilt thou wait the autumn that I see,
Will sweeter taste than these red berries be.

On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History. By Thomas Carlyle. 1841.

Although the name of Thomas Carlyle is rarely mentioned in the critical journals of this country, there is no living writer who is more sure of immediate attention from a large circle of readers, or who exercises a greater influence than he in these United States. Since the publication of his article on the characteristics of our time in the Edinburgh Review, and afterwards of the Sartor, this influence has been deepening and extending year by year, till now thousands turn an eager ear to the most distant note of his clarion. To *be* and not to *seem;* to know that nothing can become a man which is not manlike; that no silken trappings can dignify measures of mere expediency; and no hootings of a mob, albeit of critics and courtiers, can shame the truth, or keep Heaven's dews from falling in the right place; that all conventions not founded on eternal law are valueless, and that the life of man, will he or no, must tally with the life of nature; — this creed indeed is none of the newest! No! but as old and as new as truth itself, and ever needing to be reënforced. It is so by Carlyle with that depth of "truthful earnestness" he appreciates so fully in his chosen heroes, as also with a sarcastic keenness, an overflow of genial wit, and a picturesque skill in the delineation of examples, rarely equalled in any age of English literature.

How many among ourselves are his debtors for the first assurance that the native disdain of a youthful breast for the shams and charlatanries that so easily overgrow even our free society was not without an echo. They listened for the voice of the soul and heard on every wind only words, words. But when this man spoke every word stood for a thing. They had been taught that man belonged to society, the body to the clothes. They thought the reverse, and this was the man to give distinct expression to this thought, which alone made life desirable.

Already he has done so much, that he becomes of less importance to us. The rising generation can scarcely conceive how important Wordsworth, Coleridge, and afterwards Carlyle were to those whose culture dates farther back. A numerous band of pupils already, each in his degree, dispense bread of their leaven to the children, instead of the stones which careful guardians had sent to the mill for their repast.

But, if the substance of his thought be now known to us, where shall we find another who appeals so forcibly, so variously to the common heart of his contemporaries. Even his Miscellanies, though the thoughts contained in them have now been often reproduced, are still read on every side. The French Revolution stands alone as a specimen of the modern Epic. And the present volume will probably prove quite as attractive to most readers.

Though full of his faults of endless repetition, hammering on a thought till every sense of the reader aches, and an arrogant bitterness of tone which seems growing upon him (as alas! it is too apt to grow upon Reformers; the odious fungus that deforms the richest soil), though, as we have heard it expressed, he shows as usual "too little respect for respectable people," and like all character-hunters, attaches an undue value to his own discoveries in opposition to the verdict of the Ages, the large residuum of truth we find after making every possible deduction, the eloquence, the wit, the pathos, and dramatic power of representation, leave the faults to be regarded as dust on the balance.

Among the sketches, Odin is much admired, and is certainly of great picturesque beauty. The passages taken from the Scandinavian Mythology are admirably told. Mahomet is altogether fine. Dante not inaccurate, but of little depth. Apparently Mr. Carlyle speaks in his instance from a slighter acquaintance than is his wont. With his view of Johnson and Burns we were already familiar; both are excellent, as is that of Rousseau, though less impressive than are the few touches given him somewhere in the Miscellanies. Cromwell is not one of his

best, though apparently much labored. He does not adequately sustain his positions by the facts he brings forward.

This book is somewhat less objectionable than the French Revolution to those not absolutely unjust critics, who said they would sooner "dine for a week on pepper, than read through the two volumes." Yet it is too highly seasoned, tediously emphatic, and the mind as well as the style is obviously in want of the verdure of repose. An acute observer said that the best criticism on his works would be his own remark, that a man in convulsions is not proved to be strong because six healthy men cannot hold him. We are not consoled by his brilliancy and the room he has obtained for an infinity of quips and cranks and witty turns for the corruption of his style, and the more important loss of chasteness, temperance, and harmony in his mind observable since he first was made known to the public.

Yet let thanks, manifold thanks, close this and all chapters that begin with his name.

A Year's Life. By James Russell Lowell. Boston: C. C. Little and James Brown. 1841.

We are late in a notice of this volume. But not only do we consider this delay complimentary as intimating that we suppose the book still fresh in the public mind, but, in truth, we are timid with regard to all comments upon youthful bards. We doubt the utility whether of praise or blame. No criticism from without is of use to the true songster; he sings as the bird sings, for the sake of pouring out his eager soul, and needs no praise. If his poetic vein be abundant enough to swell beyond the years of youthful feeling, every day teaches him humility as to his boyish defects; he measures himself with the great poets; he sighs at the feet of beautiful Nature; his danger is despair. The proper critic of this book would be some youthful friend to whom it has been of real value as a stimulus. The exaggerated praise of such an one would be truer to the spiritual fact of its promise, than accurate measurement of its performance. To us it has spoken of noble feelings, a genuine love of beauty, and an uncommon facility of execution. Neither the imagery nor the music are original, but the same is true of the early poems of Byron; there is too much dwelling on minute yet commonplace details, so was it with Coleridge before he served a severe apprenticeship to his art. The great musicians composed much that stands in the same relation to their immortal works that those productions perhaps may

to those of Mr. Lowell's riper age; superficial, full of obvious cadences and obvious thoughts; but sweet, fluent, in a large style, and breathing the life of religious love.

We have never acknowledged the receipt from Mr. Bixby of Lowell, of copies from his editions of Hayward's Faust, and Goethe's Correspondence with a Child. It is ungrateful not to express the pleasure we felt in such works being made accessible to innumerable inquirers who were ever pursuing the fortunate owners of the English copies. All translations of Faust can give no better idea of that wonderful work than a Silhouette of one of Titian's beauties; but we much prefer the prose translation to any of the numerous metrical attempts which are an always growing monument to the power of the work, which kindles its admirers to attempt the impossible. We cannot but wonder that any one who aims at all at literary culture can remain ignorant of German, the acquisition of which language is not a year's labor with proper instruction, and would give them access to such wide domains of thought and knowledge. But if they *will* remain, from indolence, beggars, this translation will give them the thought, if not the beauty, of Goethe's work.

The Correspondence is as popular here as in Germany, but we intend in the next number of the Dial to give a brief notice of Bettina Brentano, and the correspondence with Günderode, which she is now publishing in Germany. It is to be hoped she will translate that also into the same German English of irresistible naiveté, of which she has already given us a specimen.

The Hour and the Man. By Harriet Martineau.

This work, whose very existence tells a tale of heroic cheerfulness, such as its author loves to celebrate, would do honor to her best estate of health and hopeful energy. It has all the vivacity, vigor of touch, and high standard of character, which commanded our admiration in Ella of Garveloch; the sweetness and delicate sentiment of the Sabbath Musings; the lively feeling of Nature and descriptive talent which were displayed in her work on this country. The book is overladen with incident and minute traits of character, yet is in these respects a great improvement on Deerbrook. As an artist Miss Martineau wants skill in selection among her abundant materials, and in effective grouping of her figures; but this, should life be prolonged, she seems likely to attain. The conception of

Toussaint's character is noble and profound; its development and execution by new circumstances on the whole managed with skill, though the impression is somewhat marred where an attempt is made to heighten it by surrounding him with objects of luxury. This part is not well managed, and produces an effect, probably very different from what the writer intended. The men are not real live men, but only paper sketches of such; but in this Miss Martineau only shares the failure of all her contemporaries. Scott was the only heir of Fielding's wand. This novel deserves a place in the next rank to those which made the modern novel no unworthy successor to the ancient drama.

Tennyson's Poems. — Stirling's Poems. — Festus.

The pleasure we have derived from all of these books is such that we are most desirous they may be made accessible to readers in general. The rivers of song have dwindled to rills, and the ear is very impatient during the long intervals, that it misses entirely the melody of living waters. Tennyson is known by heart, is copied as Greek works were at the revival of literature; nothing has been known for ten years back more the darling of the young than these two little volumes. "If you wish to know the flavor of strawberries or cherries, ask children and birds." We understand he is preparing for a new edition, which will, we hope, be extensively circulated in this country.

The Sexton's Daughter is better known than Stirling's other poems. Many of them claim a tribute which we hope to render in the next number.

Of Festus, too, we shall give some account and make many extracts, as we understand the first edition is already sold in England, and we do not hope to see one here as yet.

We recommend a little paper published in Providence, The Plain Speaker, to the attention of those who, instead of wishing to close their eyes to every movement not quite congenial to their tastes and views, think that nothing which busies the heart of man is foreign to them, and that very crude thought may be worth attention from pure lips and a sincere soul. The numbers we have seen give clearer indications than most printed papers of the under-current of feeling among our people. Of their views of the uses of life the following lines by one of the contributors may serve as an index; may they be true to such desires for individual growth! we will then

consider them Radicals not in the way of cutting away the root of the fair tree of civilization, but as striving to clear from it the earthworms, which, if left undisturbed, would drain life at the source.

LINES.

We grope in dimness of light, seeing not ourselves,
We sleep, and dreams come to us of something better,
We wake, and find that our life is not of Truth.
We strive, and the powers of darkness contend with our Hope.
We pray, and the availance is great in our own souls.
We trust, and the light breaks promising the day.
We act, the day dawns, how beauteously bright!
We love in faith, — casting out fear; so we Live.
We see God, and our eyes are no more closed.
God is in us — our souls are Life — our bodies die.
We ascend to the Father and are one with Deity.

S. A. C.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We trust that our unknown friends are not greatly disappointed that so many of their requests are neglected, and their gifts apparently unheeded. Our space is limited, and much that is not without merit must lie unpublished. As we observe that those who find themselves unanswered do not honor us again, we would urge them not to be deterred by the omission of their articles. It was our hope that the perfect freedom guaranteed for the Dial would make it the means of developing young talent. We should like to hear from our friends again and again, and be the means of their serving an apprenticeship to the pen. Whenever any contribution combines, in our view, individuality of character with vigor and accuracy of style, it will be inserted. Those which do not satisfy us can be returned if such be the writer's desire, provided the address is given us. Several persons have requested to be answered through the post-office on points which interest them. They will find in the Dial expressions of sentiment and opinion on those points probably more satisfactory than any which could be rendered in a private correspondence, to which there are many objections. Communications are to be addressed, For the Dial, 121, Washington Street.